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# LESLIE'S

## WEEKLY

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SENATOR MARK A. HANNA, THE CHAMPION OF INDUSTRIAL PEACE.  
THE INTIMATE FRIEND OF MCKINLEY—HE WOULD RATHER SECURE HARMONY BETWEEN CAPITAL AND LABOR  
THAN BE PRESIDENT.—Copyright, 1900, by J. E. Purdy, Boston.



# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY IN THE UNITED STATES

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS

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Thursday, April 10, 1902

## The Opposition to Ship Subsidies.

ONE OF the stock arguments against the present ship-subsidy bill, as with all others preceding it, is that the measure is for the enrichment of a few private ship-owners, that it is pushed in the interests of a certain "steamship syndicate" under the control of men who are already enormously wealthy, but who desire by means of this bill to monopolize our entire carrying trade. A prominent newspaper opponent of the measure, harping on this string, asserts that the "subsidy beggars" simply "want the money from the Treasury—that is, the money of the taxpayers—to swell their profits," and it declares that "this is the real purpose of the present bill," and all the talk of building up American shipbuilding or an American marine "is for the deception of the people."

How absurd and baseless such statements are was shown very effectively in the course of the recent Senate debate when Mr. Berry, of Arkansas, made a similar argument and proceeded to name a number of prominent steamship companies as members of the alleged "syndicate." But when asked for his authority, Mr. Berry was compelled to admit that he had no authority whatever excepting that he had read such a statement in a paper. But when the clipping from that journal was produced it was found to read that, "arrangements have been tentatively made, if indeed the matter has not already taken definite shape," to that effect. This is a fair sample of the arguments used by the opposition both in Congress and out of it.

Of the same general character, but still more vicious and unwarranted, are the insinuations that the sponsors and chief advocates of the measure are in the pay of the steamship companies and are acting from selfish and corrupt motives. Of course no one has dared to make this charge openly against men like Senators Frye, Hanna, and Depew, but this is the impression the opposition has sought to convey by declaring that the bill was a species of rank favoritism, improper, dishonest, deceptive and dangerous. A full and sufficient reply to such intimations is found in the character and standing of the Senators named, and other advocates of the bill equally eminent for integrity, patriotism, and faithfulness to public interests.

Another standing argument against government aid to American shipping is that ships can be built as cheaply in this country as abroad, and that our ship-owners do not need governmental aid. This was one of the chief points which Senator Clay, of Georgia, tried to make in his speech against the bill, but it was effectually answered by an inquiry by Senator Burton, who asked: "Then why do we not get the ships?" Mr. Clay answered that "we have the ships," but that was so manifestly absurd as to cause laughter, particularly in view of the fact that our shipping in the foreign trade has been declining steadily for a long period.

Much has been made also by the opponents of this bill of the mail-subsidy feature, which, under present conditions, would mean an appropriation of about \$4,700,000 a year, half on the Atlantic and half on the Pacific. But the cost of this new bill, if it becomes a law, so far as the mail part is concerned, will be nearly all met from postal receipts. If all the proposed lines are established and a fair allowance made in the increase of postage, that part of the bill will not take any money out of the Treasury. When it is understood that the British government pays for carrying its mails over \$2,000,000 a year more than it receives in postage, the mild character of the proposed legislation is self-evident. As to the general subsidy part, when allowance is made for the fact that mails will have to be carried free by ships participating in that subsidy, the cost would only be about \$800,000 for the next few years. But that part of the bill is entirely at the mercy of Congress, which can stop payments under it at any time, as Senator Frye was careful to point out in his last speech on the subject.

In brief, no argument has been made against this measure, in Congress or out of it, that will bear analysis. On the other hand, it has been conclusively demonstrated that the building up of our merchant marine would mean a saving of at least two hundred millions a year now paid annually to foreign ships, that it would give profitable employment to several hundred thousand workmen, and would benefit directly and indirectly every section of the United States and every department of American industry.

## The Democracy Breaking Loose.

THE VOICE of the Mississippi Legislature, proclaiming a new alliance, political and financial, with the Democracy of the East, has awakened Democratic echoes all around the sky. Senator Clay, of Georgia, one of the brightest men in Congress, is out with an interview declaring for a revival of Jeffersonian democracy and a reunion of his party, on a platform shorn of new-fangled notions and in the line of national sentiment. The South is the backbone of the Democratic electoral vote. It has brains and culture, and its devotion to the Democracy is supreme. Its leaders have been so eager to secure political control once more, that they have been ready to follow any platform, principle, theory, or fancy, that promised them victory. Their zeal has outrun their discretion in the past two national campaigns. The South is awake to this fact at last, and the voice of Mississippi has been heard in favor of casting aside the new and returning to the old tenets of the party.

It is no secret that Republican leaders have been confidently resting on the hope that the Southern Democracy would persist in the folly of following a discredited and defeated leader who is still conniving to retain the party's control. In all the history of American politics, nothing more extraordinary has occurred than the sudden springing into power of a man of mediocre ability, with no record of notable achievements, no patronage, and no element of leadership in him, if we except a low and selfish cunning, which has skillfully contrived to make situations, solely for his personal benefit. It would be in keeping with the record of such a political intriguer if he sought to hold over the Democracy the threat of a third-party ticket in 1904, unless the presidential nomination were once more conceded to him.

It is difficult to understand why so many of our valued contemporaries continue to give space to the sayings and doings of the Nebraska politician who apparently has not sense enough to know that he is dead and buried beyond all hope of political resurrection. The vast majority of his own party, and more particularly all that element in it entitled to respect, has long since repudiated this man and his mischievous and revolutionary ideas, and he and they would soon sink out of sight entirely were it not for newspaper talk. If anything more were necessary to consign this political rattle-box to obscurity, one might think it would be supplied by his recent bitter and unprovoked attack upon Grover Cleveland, one of the ablest, noblest, and most clear-sighted leaders that the Democratic party has ever had. If the party had retained that leadership instead of following after the Nebraskan in the blind and suicidal course laid down by him, it would be in a far happier and more promising state than it is to-day.

It is marvelous that this political pretender was able to exercise an hypnotic influence, even for a brief time, over some of the most prominent men in his party, for the Nebraskan juggler never had done anything to warrant pre-eminence. As a public man, he made a record in Congress of drawing his salary promptly and filling the proceedings with speeches that no one but himself will ever read; as a presidential candidate, he sky-rocketed through the country on a tour of talk, in which he forgot every great democratic principle and remembered only himself and his consuming desire to usurp the party's leadership; as a soldier, the only record he made was that of enlisting for a thirty days' war, just as it was about to close, and the only thing he ever shot off while drawing pay in Uncle Sam's service was his own mouth. Defeated, discredited, and contemptuously cast aside, it is high time that he were left to the enjoyment of the oblivion which is the only thing that he has ever fairly won.

Evidently, the South proposes to take the reins in its own hands and to cut loose from the galling record of Democracy's defeat while sailing under the false colors of a political fakir.

## Give the Beet a Chance.

IT WILL be a surprise to many well-informed people to learn from a recent report of the Treasury bureau of statistics, how large a figure the beet is now cutting as a factor in the sugar production of the world. According to the figures presented in this report, beets which supplied in 1840 less than 5% of the world's sugar, in 1900 supplied 67% of the greatly increased consumption; while cane, which then supplied 95% of the world's sugar consumption, now supplies but 33%. It is also an interesting fact that the amount of sugar consumed throughout the world is vastly larger per capita than it was sixty years ago, this increase apparently keeping pace with the growth of the beet-sugar industry, which would seem to indicate that this saccharine product is more popular than the cane variety, and that the appetite for it has grown by what it has fed upon.

Stated in quantities, it may be said that the world's cane-sugar supply has increased from 1,100,000 tons in 1840, to 28,600,000 tons in 1900, an increase of 160%; while that of beets has grown from 50,000 tons in 1840 to 5,950,000 tons in 1900, an increase of over eleven thousand per cent. One effect of this enormous increase and the competition which has accompanied it has been a great reduction in prices to the consumer. The figures of the bureau of statistics, obtained from statements supplied by importers, of the cost in foreign countries of the sugar which they import, show that the average cost of the sugar imported in 1871-2 was 5.37 cents per pound, and in the year 1899-1900, 2.49 cents per pound.

The amount of consumption per capita in the United States in 1884 was a little over fifty-three pounds and in 1900 it had increased to over sixty-five pounds. This

shows at all events that the world has been approaching nearer to Matthew Arnold's ideal as to "sweetness," whether it has any more "light" or not. The large increase in the production and consumption of beet sugar is attributed chiefly to the intelligent and scientific study of the subject in various countries and government aid for the industry in Germany and other parts of Europe. The chief producer of beet sugar is Germany, where a progressive and liberal policy has been adopted with reference to this industry. Other countries coming in the order of production are Austria, France, and Russia, but the United States is rapidly increasing its beet-sugar production.

In the size of the crop to be produced from a given area, there seems to be nothing comparable with beet root. In his recent volume, "Fields, Factories and Workshops," Prince Kropotkin tells of a locality in France where with the aid of sewage a certain land-owner succeeded in growing 100,000 pounds, or fifty tons, of beet roots on each acre, and has occasionally grown as high as one hundred tons. No product of the soil is comparable with this in volume or weight derived from a given area. And the conditions necessary to produce these enormous crops exist, it is said, in almost every part of the temperate zone, a statement which indicates that beet root only needs a fair chance to make still further increase until it becomes, in very truth, the king among the products of the earth.

## The Plain Truth.

IT WILL be deplorable if Governor Odell's action in ridding Kings County of an unworthy official is set aside by the courts on purely technical grounds. There is no question among intelligent and unprejudiced men but that the Governor was prompted in this matter entirely by pure and disinterested motives, and that the removal of Sheriff Guden was justified by every consideration of official fitness and sound public morals. For the courts to reinstate this man in the face of the Governor's decision would be a blow to public interests and a disaster to the cause of good government.

JUDGING from a recent report of a sale of oil lands at Beaumont, Texas, real estate in that lively and progressive commonwealth is rising to a value that casts even corner lots in New York into umbrageous obscurity. The reports speak of a parcel in the section named sold at the rate of \$1,280,000 an acre. This same land could have been bought, it is said, before the oil strike, for \$10 per acre. The popular lecturer who discourses on "acres of diamonds" might change his theme now to "acres of Texas" and find it equally apt and suggestive.

AS OUR able and luminous contemporary, the New York Sun, points out, it seems strange that our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens cannot see the utter futility of any effort on their part, or on the part of their representatives, to secure in New York, or in any state of the Union, an appropriation from the public funds for the support of their parochial schools. The question involved is not at all, as The Sun shows, as to the character or worthiness of church schools, nor is the point at issue one of religious preference or sectarian prejudice. Appropriations of public money for the purposes named are expressly forbidden by the organic law of New York State, and we believe that most other states have a similar provision in their constitutions. Such use of public funds would be contrary also to a fundamental principle of the American government, by which it is decreed that in this country there shall be no union between church and state. Our whole public-school system is based on a recognition of this principle, and to make such a diversion of public funds as that proposed for parochial schools would mean a radical and revolutionary departure in our entire educational system and lead to bitter controversy and endless trouble. Why insist upon what is obviously impracticable and impossible?

AMERICANS GENERALLY, outside of the coterie of anti-imperialists, will find no occasion for alarm nor discouragement in the statements coming by way of that chronic fault-finder, the London Saturday Review, to the effect that Hawaii is in a deplorable condition as the result of annexation to the United States, that the act has brought no good to the island and that "every class" regrets it. These averments are probably about as wide of the mark as the accompanying observation of The Review that the alleged suffering of the islanders is a just punishment for "their monstrous treatment of Queen Liliuokalani." It is doubtless quite true that Hawaii is not yet in a paradisaical condition as the result of her union with the States, but to declare that the island has "reaped no good from annexation" and that everybody there deplores the change of government is declaring what is absolutely untrue. As Hawaii has been under our flag for less than four years, it will occur to most sensible persons that sufficient time has hardly yet elapsed any way on which to base a final judgment either as to the good or the evil effects of the change. Periods of transition and political reconstruction are never favorable to tranquillity and the highest prosperity. In ten or fifteen years from now it will be time enough to talk about the results of annexation. We have not the slightest doubt, we may say, that by that time, or before, the benefits of American control of Hawaii will be recognized and conceded by every one, with the exception, possibly, of the Saturday Review.



## PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT



COUNT MATSUKATA.  
The eminent Japanese financier, now in the United States.

ANOTHER of the Mikado's premiers is among us. He is Count Matsukata Masayoshi, the veteran Minister of Finance who has directed the resources of Japan since the war with China in 1894-'95. Born in Kagoshima in 1835, he went early in life to Nagasaki and learned the secrets of civilization from the Dutchmen there. He was active in the revolution of 1868, and after holding one or two civil appointments, made finance his study and specialty. Since 1870 he has been a power for enterprise and reform in agriculture and industry. In 1878 he was in Paris as president of the Japanese section at the exposition, and on returning was made a count. The Mikado offered him the portfolio of finance in 1881. During his vigorous ten years' service, the inconvertible notes in paper money that flooded the country and threatened to swamp the national credit were redeemed. While still lord of the treasury, the Emperor called him to be premier in 1891, and again in 1896. Other honors are seen in various imperial decorations which glitter on his bosom to-day, but the grandest stroke of his administration, made according to the conviction of the best men of Japan, was the change from silver to the gold standard, and the re-coining of gold and silver money with names expressing its actual worth in the markets of the world. Throughout the tremendous expansion following the war the count has directed Japan's financial policy, but is now at leisure for a trip with a party of financiers round the world. He is the author of no fewer than four handsome volumes, which have been translated, two into English and one into French. The latter language he uses fluently. The count is very artistic in his tastes and very fond of his fine-art collection, as well as of good horseflesh and open-air recreation. His son was educated at Rutgers and Yale.

ALTHOUGH there is a certain charming native melody in the music of the negro, there are many who sneer very haughtily at "coon songs." An English paper recently, referring to the Duchess of Marlborough, said: "Every one knows that the duchess was Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, has a vast fortune, and owns ropes of pearls that are practically priceless. But all may not be aware that she possesses a charming singing voice and in the privacy of her domestic circle delights her friends by the performance of 'coon' songs."



MRS. ARTHUR CADOGAN  
And her pet snake.

though showing a great dislike to strangers, is said to be devoted to his mistress. It will be remembered that Sara Bernhardt has shown a great fondness for tigers as pets, and another noted actress has betrayed an equal liking for the company of beetles and lizards, but we cannot now recall another instance where a woman has

made a pet of any member of the snake family, with the exception, of course, of the professionals in the show ring.

IN DECLINING for business reasons the high and honored post of Assistant Postmaster General, proffered him by President Roosevelt, Mr. Harry S. New has undoubtedly acted wisely and from a strict sense of duty, but it is to be regretted nevertheless that the department is not to have the benefit of the extended business experience and ripe knowledge of public needs which Mr. New would have brought to the place. As the publisher for the past twenty-two years of The Indianapolis Journal, one of the most influential and successful newspapers in the West, he has become widely and favorably known throughout the country, and his appointment at Washington would have given general satisfaction. Mr. New was born in Indianapolis in 1859, and has lived in that city all his life. His connection with the Journal began in 1878, and he became publisher two years later. He was elected to the Indiana State Senate in 1896 and was a member of that body for four years. During the Spanish-American war he was captain and assistant adjutant-general of the third brigade in the seventh army corps. Mr. New has been for years an active figure in state and national politics and is now a member of the executive committee of the Republican National Committee. His father, Hon. John C. New, was United States Treasurer under President Grant and consul-general at London under President Harrison.



MR. HARRY STEWART NEW,  
Who was invited to become First Assistant Postmaster-General.

"NO MATTER what you may say," declared Representative Babcock of Wisconsin to Chairman Payne of the Ways and Means Committee when discussing the Babcock proposition to put all steel products on the free list, "I am right, and I know it, and when a man is right he is in the majority." "Just so," replied Payne, "but you remember that Tom Reed used to say, 'God and one make a majority, but many a martyr has been burned at the stake while the votes were being counted.'"

EUGENE F. WARE, of Topeka, Kansas, the poet-lawyer who has been appointed a member of the board of visitors to West Point by President Roosevelt, is a man who has drifted, as he says, into the pastime of poetry and the business of law from a harness-maker's bench. Ware, the poet, is perhaps better known by the name of "Iron-quill." His volume of poems has run through half a dozen editions in England and as many in this country. After the Civil War was over and Ware was mustered out, after having served as a captain and one of Sherman's corps commanders, he moved to Fort Scott, Kansas, and opened a harness shop. While working at his trade he drifted into poetry by accident. His first attempt was at putting his harness-shop advertisements in rhyme. He was so successful that he was asked to contribute a poem to a small paper. He wrote "Neutria," which ran through several editions of the paper, and the editor wanted more. A friend of Ware's was a justice of the peace, and when he took his cases under advisement it was Ware who assisted him in reaching his decisions. The harness maker went to the Indian country to live on a ranch for a while. While there he mastered Blackstone sufficiently to be admitted to the Bar when he returned to Fort Scott. He did not attend a law school and did not read law in a lawyer's office, as many aspirants do. Later he edited his own paper, the Fort Scott Monitor, and in that appeared many of his poems. He is now a member of the law firm of Glead, Ware & Glead, of Topeka, and he is representing Kansas before the Supreme Court at Washington in the suit brought by that state against Colorado to prevent the water that flows into the Arkansas River from the Rocky Mountains from being used for irrigating purposes before it reaches Kansas. Eugene F. Ware was born in Hartford, Conn., in 1841. He served in the First, Fourth, and Seventh Iowa cavalry during the war.



EUGENE F. WARE,  
The poet-lawyer.

WHEN THEODORE ROOSEVELT was a member of the civil service commission, W. W. Powers, who was at that time a member of Congress from California, is reported to have expressed the opinion in an interview that civil service was a "fake" and that a young man named Roosevelt, who was a member of the commission, was a "faker." Mr. Powers was made collector of San

Diego by President McKinley, and his name came up before President Roosevelt for reappointment. A San Diego paper containing the interview mentioned was shown to the President. Mr. Roosevelt said: "I shall reappoint Mr. Bowers. He is a good official. His opinions of me twelve years ago have nothing to do with the case." Mr. Bowers was reappointed.

IT IS a strange anomaly that one man should belong both to the Grand Army of the Republic and the organization of Confederate Veterans. James Anderson, a deputy sheriff of Springfield, Mass., is, however, a member of both bodies. On Decoration day he appears in the blue uniform of the Union army and he is the possessor, also, of a suit of Confederate gray. But Mr. Anderson did not fight on both sides during the



JAMES ANDERSON,  
A member of both the G. A. R. and the Confederate Veterans.

Civil War. He was with the forces of the North, a member of the Thirty-first Maine Volunteers. His membership in the organization of Confederate Veterans came about in another way. About four years ago, the Union veteran was in Petersburg, Va., visiting the old battle-ground. He was invited to a meeting of Confederate Veterans, and responded to an invitation to make a speech. So highly did he praise the bravery of the soldiers of the South during the Petersburg siege that he quite won the hearts of the old Confederates seated about him. The feeling of friendship resulted in an invitation to the members of the Confederate post to visit the G. A. R. post to which Mr. Anderson belonged in Springfield, Mass. The Southern veterans went to Springfield in a body; and soon afterward unanimously made Mr. Anderson a contributing member of their camp. And this incident is a striking illustration of the union of the North and South.

IT WILL be remembered that for some time after the birth of little Ruth Cleveland, when her father was President, it was rumored that she was a deaf-mute. Nothing could have been more unjust or unkind. The rumor grew out of the displeasure of those who resented the withdrawal of the child from the White House grounds, where she was annoyed by sight-seers. General Wade Hampton is fond of telling an incident which entirely refutes the charge. One day he had been to see the President. After leaving the room he was waiting in the hall for the elevator reserved for the President's own use. In a few minutes little Ruth and her nurse came along. He went up and spoke to her. She was hardly two years old then—a mere baby. "I talked to her," said General Hampton, "until the elevator came in sight. Then she raised her little hand, pointed her little finger, and said, 'Go, now!' Afterward I laughed and told the President she had evidently caught the words from him when he was tired of some persistent office-seeker."

THE HONOR of being the only marchioness of American birth at the coming coronation of King Edward will fall to Lady Dufferin, who is still on the right side of thirty, and who, before her marriage, was well known in Anglo-American and French society as Miss Flora Davis, the accomplished daughter of a distinguished American. Her marriage to the then Lord Terence Blackwood took place in Paris at the time when the late Lord Dufferin was British ambassador, and the marriage brought together a large number of notabilities. Lord Terence succeeded his brother, Lord Ava, as heir to the family honors, but he elected to be known as Lord Clanaboye, and it is as Lady Clanaboye that the new Lady Dufferin has now taken for some time an important place in London society. At the coronation of King Edward, Lady Dufferin, because of her intelligence, beauty, and rank, will be among the social leaders.



THE NEW MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN.



## A Remarkable Englishman—Cecil Rhodes, The Empire Builder . . .

By L. A. Maynard.

THE FUTURE alone can furnish that perspective which will permit of a right and just estimate of the character and public services of Cecil Rhodes. Only as it looks back upon him through the vista of years will the world be able to see truly "what significance was in him," as Carlyle said would be the case with Napoleon. It could not be otherwise with a man who played so large a part in the affairs of men in his day as did Cecil Rhodes; who fathered so many princely enterprises, performed so many prodigious and successful achievements, and got himself so cordially hated by a portion of his fellow-men and as cordially admired by another portion.

The judgments passed upon Cecil Rhodes by his contemporaries will vary according as they come from the one or the other of the classes just mentioned. The Boers and their ardent sympathizers will probably not be restrained by the charity that bids us speak no ill of the dead from characterizing him now, as they have in the past, as a "murderer," a base, sordid intriguer, the arch-fiend and prime mover of the plot to deprive the Transvaalers of their liberties. And when we recall the Jameson raid, in which Rhodes was admittedly implicated, and what it was designed but failed to accomplish, we cannot marvel that the Boers at least should regard him their arch-enemy. For the other view, we have those who speak of Rhodes as the "Napoleon of South Africa," "the modern Caesar," and "the most far-sighted statesman of the age." The truth, as usual, probably lies somewhere between these extremes.

Rhodes was not a lovable man any more than Bismarck was, and had not a little of that blood and iron in his composition which made the German empire-maker so hard to reckon with. He was not always scrupulous in the methods he adopted for achieving ends not unworthy in themselves, and his tacit approval of the Jameson foray was not creditable to his good sense nor to his love of fair play. If he had been as shrewd and far-sighted a man as some of his admirers have credited him with being, he would not have made the fatal blunder of thinking he could override the Boer republic with a single troop of horse, nor would he have so underestimated the fighting strength, capacity, and endurance of the Boers as he did after the outbreak of the present conflict.

The biographical annals of the race do not contain a chapter more marvelous, more romantic, more crowded



CECIL RHODES, THE DIAMOND KING AND EMPIRE BUILDER OF SOUTH AFRICA, WHO RECENTLY DIED.

with astonishing events and achievements than the story of Cecil Rhodes's career. He began life as a physical weakling, decreed to an early death; he fought down that verdict as he fought down so many other adverse fates, and came to be instead a man of iron frame and a very dynamo of vital energy. He went to South Africa in his early twenties. By thirty he was the leading figure in the Cape Parliament. By thirty-five he was engaged in conquering about 1,000,000 square miles to the north

and west of the Boer republics. By forty he had consolidated the Kimberly diamond mines and laid the foundation of his share in the Johannesburg gold mines, which made him a man worth \$100,000,000, and the "Diamond King" of the world. At the same time also he had become premier of Cape Colony and the acknowledged arbiter of South African destinies, political and financial. The Jameson affair dimmed his prestige for a season and stayed the course of his rising star, but in his latter days he regained nearly all his lost ground and was again a power which, whether feared, hated, or admired, all had to hear and heed.

But after casting up the entire account against him, so far as it may now be rendered without conscious prejudice, Cecil Rhodes had enough to his credit to place him fairly and justly among the greatest, if not the best, men of his time. He was a veritable empire builder, a man who had the imagination to conceive and the force and sagacity to execute far-reaching and stupendous plans; he dreamed wonderful dreams and knew how also to make his dreams come true. He saw a vision of all Africa, from the Cape to the Zambesi, "all red—all British," and mainly through his indomitable energy and the exercise of his masterful will that vision is to-day a reality. He saved South Africa from becoming an appanage of the German crown and put it in the way, instead, of becoming one of the brightest and richest jewels in the coronet of England. He won for the British empire an expanse of territory half as large as the United States, which under the name Rhodesia remains as his noblest and most enduring monument. Another, and his latest royal undertaking, was the "Cape to Cairo" railway, and in this, as in other enterprises, he met and overcame difficulties that would have overwhelmed weaker men and lived to see the project well toward its completion.

It was his fate to pass away before the Boer war ended, a conflict of which his enemies declared him to be the chief instigator and ultimate beneficiary. However that may be, the verdict of posterity will surely record it as the truth that the cause of civilization and enlightenment in South Africa has never had so great and powerful a promoter as Cecil Rhodes, and to no man, living or dead, past or present, does South Africa owe so great a debt of gratitude both for what it is to-day and for what it must be in days soon to come.

### The Drama in New York.

THE CAST in Robert Edson's new play, "Soldiers of Fortune," at the Savoy, has been selected with great care. It is one of the most stirring dramas that the season has produced, and Augustus Thomas, who is largely responsible for the stage version of Richard Harding Davis's story, has enlivened the dialogue in an admirable way. One of the young ladies in the company, Miss Gretchen Lyons, makes a hit in the part of Hope Langham. She is natural, earnest, vigorous, and meets every requirement of a somewhat difficult part. The public will watch the career of this young woman with anticipation.

Second only to his success in "On the Quiet" is that of William Collier in his new play, "The Diplomat," at the Madison Square Theatre. It is a comedy peculiarly adapted to Mr. Collier's abilities, and several pretty young women in the cast lend special attraction to the performance. Miss Nannette Comstock, as Marjorie Leighton, a rather formidable part, considering the characters in which she has usually been cast, meets all of its requirements.

Haddon Chambers's latest play, "A Modern Magdalen," presented at the Bijou by Amelia Bingham and her very excellent company, aroused considerable curiosity on the opening night, but was somewhat disappointing. "A Modern Magdalen" suggests that the story deals, as it does, with an erring woman, an unpleasant subject at best. I doubt if this play will meet with anything like the success of "The Climbers." Henry E. Dixey, Wilton Lackaye, Joseph Holland, Arthur Byron, and Mrs. Madge Carr Cooke are among the best in the cast. Mr. Gottschalk does not fit his part. No fault can be found with Miss Bingham's acting, but she has apparently made the wrong choice of a play. She has made no mistake, however, in deciding to enforce the rule against seating late comers while the curtain is up.

"Sky Farm," at the Garrick, is one of the most popular plays of the year, and deservedly so. Miss Crosman continues in her very strong presentation of "As You Like It," at the Republic, and there is no lessening of the demand for seats for Mrs. Carter, at the Criterion. Among the other good things that remain are Miss Glaser, in "Dolly Varden," at the Herald Square; Kyrle Bellew, at Wallack's; Mr. Kelcey and Miss Shannon, at the Manhattan; the dazzling "Hall of Fame," at the New York, and "Foxy Grandpa," the children's delight, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

The graduation exercises of the class of 1902 of the Empire Dramatic School attracted a large gathering of friends of the faculty, alumni, and pupils of the Academy at the Empire Theatre recently. Miss Annie Russell delivered a delightful address, full of delicate humor, sound advice, and good feeling for her "soon to be comrades," as she so happily termed the students. Mr. Sargent on behalf of the school, Miss Warren Story representing the alumni, were heard; and other speakers were Kyrle Bellew, Daniel Frohman, and the Rev. Walter Bently. The two medals given by David Belasco were both won by male members of the school. John Heidel-



ROBERT E. HOMANS.—Feinberg. JOHN HEIDELBACH.—Rockwood  
Prize-winners of the Empire Dramatic School.

bach, of New York, was awarded the gold one for dramatic ability. Robert E. Homans, Malden, Mass., carried off the silver medal for technique.



JASON.



PRINCE ADELBERT, THE KAISER'S THIRD SON, WHO IS SOON TO VISIT THE UNITED STATES.

### The Kaiser's Son Coming.

THE NORTH German Lloyd training-ship *Sophie Charlotte*, with Prince Adelbert, the Emperor's third son, on board, will shortly visit New York on her way home from a voyage around the world. She is a full-rigged ship and a fast sailer, her captain proudly claiming that she can outsail many a steamer. Carrying an enormous press of canvas, she appears like a moving mountain of snow when under full sail. This beautiful vessel, on which the embryo officers of the North German Lloyd line are drilled in practical seamanship by Chief Officer Emil Zander, left Bremen early last May with eighty cadets, including the young prince, and after cruising about in European waters, set sail in August from Harnas, Sweden, heading across the broad Atlantic to Rio de Janeiro, where she arrived in mid-October. While there the accompanying photograph—the latest—was taken of the prince. In exactly fifty days after she sailed out of the beautiful Brazilian harbor the training-ship dropped anchor at Port Adelaide, N. W. In the high southern latitudes through which she passed on the voyage to Australia her log recorded a constant series of furious snow-storms, hail-squalls, and encounters with giant icebergs. Off the stormy Cape of Good Hope a tremendous sea struck the vessel and one of the cadets was dashed violently against a spar and washed overboard. When taken from the water he was found to have dislocated his neck and died in a few minutes in Mr. Zander's arms. He was buried at sea. The Herzogin Sophie Charlotte expects to enter the English Channel early in June, and thence home.

### American Artists' Exhibition.

THE EXHIBITION of the Society of American Artists at 215 West Fifty-seventh Street is unusually interesting this year. It embraces the works of such men as Whistler and Abbey, and other famous artists, which are not often seen in public exhibitions. Particularly noticeable is Whistler's "The Andalusian Woman," and a nocturne by him also. Sylvia is the subject of Edward A. Abbey's painting. The exhibition is attractive, too, inasmuch as it illustrates by the artistic boldness of much of the work the existence among American artists of the same spirit of dash, daring, and progressiveness characteristic of the American people. There are nearly 300 paintings on the walls, while there are only twenty-two pieces of sculpture in the galleries. Although they are not conspicuous, because they are quiet subjects, the two paintings by Arthur R. Friedlander, a young artist who has just come to America, are worth special mention. One of these is a scene in an artist's studio. The tone is soft and dark, the color of dusk, and scarcely discernible in the dim light is the figure of a woman at a piano. The other is a simple still-life study. The exhibition of the American Artists will not close until Sunday, May 4th.

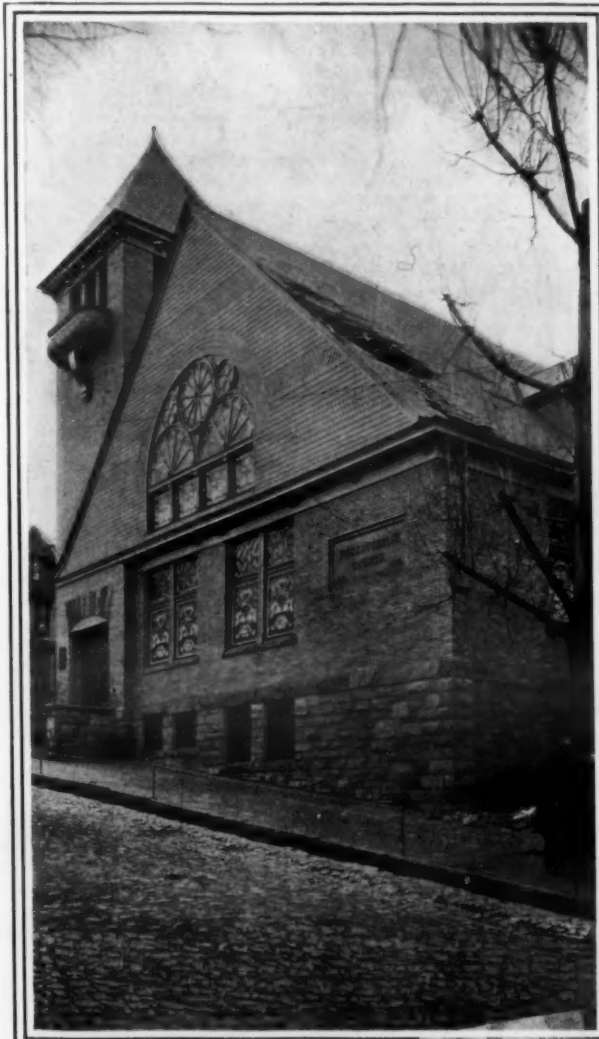
Weak men are but strong men's followers. Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, imparts force and vigor.





THE TRIAL TRIP OF KAISER WILHELM'S YACHT METEOR.—Müller.

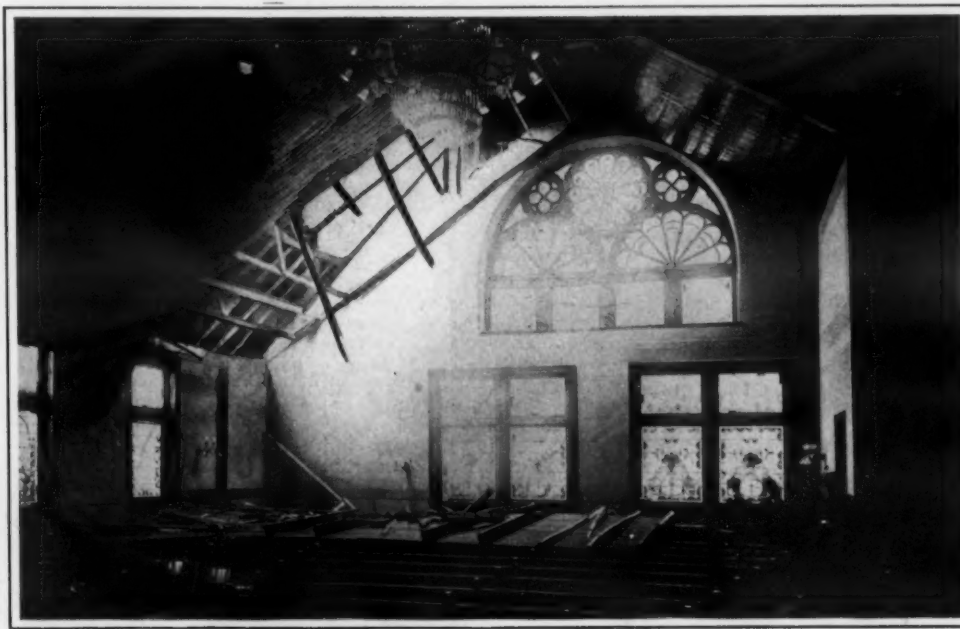
1. UNDER SAIL IN THE NARROWS. 2. JUST AFTER THE RELEASE FROM HER BERTH AT SHOOTERS ISLAND—DAMAGE TO THE STERN FROM STRIKING A DOLPHIN IS APPARENT.



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF KNOXVILLE, PENN., WHERE A CONGREGATION OF 600 PERSONS WAS SINGING WHEN A FALLING CHIMNEY CRASHED THROUGH THE ROOF.



A ROW OF NEW HOUSES IN PITTSBURG UNROOFED IN THE STORM.



INTERIOR OF THE KNOXVILLE (PENN.) PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, WHERE SEVENTEEN PERSONS WERE INJURED BY THE FALLING ROOF ON EASTER SUNDAY MORNING.

### THE EASTER STORM CALAMITY IN PENNSYLVANIA.

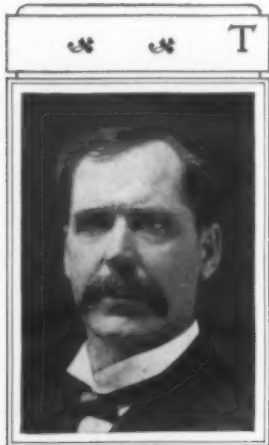
THE HURRICANE WHICH SWEEP PITTSBURG AND VICINITY, WRECKING CHURCHES AND INJURING MANY PERSONS IN SUNDAY CONGREGATIONS.—Sampson.



# When Uncle Sam Called a Halt to Japan

A HITHERTO UNWRITTEN CHAPTER OF AMERICAN DIPLOMACY OF THE WAR IN CHINA

By Sydney Adamson



A. BURLINGAME JOHNSON,  
United States Consul at Amoy,  
China.

THE WORLD may know that Amoy is in China, somewhere on the coast; it may even associate it with tea, just as in the old days Manila meant rope, and, to the initiated, cigars; but who ever heard of Kulangsu? Yet Kulangsu is almost a part of Amoy—is in very truth an island abreast of the old Chinese town. This is the story of how Japan attempted to seize Amoy, how her game was blocked by the United States consul at that port, and shows how the island of Kulangsu was offered to the United States privately as a special concession from the Chinese government for saving Amoy from the Japanese.

In line with the fully declared policy of this country to stand up for China's integrity the offer was refused, but on its suggestion Kulangsu was offered to all nations and has now become an international trading settlement.

While the world was gasping over the realities happening in Peking, and Shanghai was enthralled with wonderful lies, a quiet little comedy—lost in the bigger flurry—was enacted at Amoy. The consuls were the principal players, but besides there were admirals, captains and gunboats, landings of troops under the red sun of Japan, hoistings of flags that had to come down again, cables sent all over the earth, a terrified populace fleeing to the hills, a near approach to an outbreak of Boxerism (to coin a word) complicated by an unpaid and rebellious soldiery; and all this was resolved into quiet and almost universal satisfaction. There was but one nation unhappy, and that was the little island empire of Japan. It was an important American battle in the East, a bloodless, diplomatic episode, with the defense of the Philippines as the *casus belli*, the contesting nations being America and Japan.

When President McKinley appointed A. Burlingame Johnson, a distant relative of the great Anson Burlingame of Chinese diplomatic fame, consul at Amoy, he happily placed there a man full of energy, already acquainted with Chinese affairs by study and, as events proved, possessed of that statesmanlike quality of perceiving conditions before they become too far developed, which might be injurious to his country's trade, and—rarer gifts—having sufficient courage to precipitate action, force an issue, and diplomatically conclude difficult negotiations without requiring more than general instructions from Washington. Consul Johnson, as soon as he began to study the importance, relatively, of Amoy to the Philippines, brought to light and clearly defined some facts which are of the utmost importance to the United States in the conduct of her Eastern policy.

Should any power antagonistic to the United States succeed in gaining complete control of Amoy, the only Chinese port owned and managed by the Chinese government between which and the Philippines regular lines of steamships ply, it might thus at any moment be closed, compelling most of the trade to take a new route through the British settlement of Hong-Kong. This alone would be sufficient reason for a vigorous objection to any attempt to seize Amoy. But there exists between Amoy and the Philippines another connection which, with the probability of Chinese labor becoming a necessity in the development of the Philippines, would contribute another strong reason for the continuance of Amoy under Chinese authority. Nearly all of the hundred thousand Chinese now in the Philippines are people from Amoy. A great many of them have intermarried with the native Filipinos. There are many hundreds of Filipino women and half-castes living in Amoy and its vicinity. In addition to the passenger traffic between these ports a considerable trade has also sprung up which if fostered will doubtless become of increased value to the islands. Amoy as an open Chinese port is also a valuable coaling station. These considerations, without further instances, clearly show that the United States has a vital interest in the fate of Amoy.

Some years before the advent of America as a landowner in the east, Japan, through her possession of Formosa, developed a strong interest in Amoy. By far the greater part of the Oolong teas grown on Formosa are shipped to Amoy and there graded, packed, matted, and finally exported. It is an interesting fact that probably eighty per cent. of the Formosa teas find their way to America. The annual shipment to the United States from Amoy amounts to about sixteen million pounds, or more than twice as much as from any other two ports.

The Japanese had been gradually learning the value of Amoy, and nearly three years ago opened negotiations with the Tsung-li-Yamen for a settlement there. The original surveys made at that time included about three-fourths of the island of Kulangsu. It also included a strip of a foreshore on the Amoy side running almost a mile along the inner harbor and extending some two miles back toward the centre of the island. Upon a remonstrance from the United States the plan was altered,

the whole of Kulangsu was omitted, and the settlement on the other side was reduced to about one-tenth of the original survey. The settlement was granted to the Japanese on this reduced basis, but it was an open secret that the government at Tokio was far from satisfied with its area. When the outbreak occurred in 1900 in North China the Japanese government immediately dispatched two men-of-war to Amoy and kept from two to four there until the settlement question was permanently adjusted. It was plain from the beginning to those in Amoy that the Japanese meant to seize this opportunity of occupying Amoy permanently on their own conditions.

Consul Johnson had a difficult problem to handle when he found that on a slight pretext the Japanese had rushed troops ashore, planted guns on the heights, and were in practical possession of the place. Add to this circumstance the mutterings of threatened outbreak, a populace terrified by the Japanese soldiers and fleeing to the hills, a Chinese army on the point of mutiny and its officers appealing in vain to the Viceroy for funds to pay the men who threaten to desert unless their arrears of pay be forthcoming, and we have a picture of the conditions which the American consul found confronting him. His action was vigorous and diplomatic. A protest couched in the strongest terms demanding the withdrawal of the troops was handed to the Japanese consul for immediate transmission to his government. In fact, it was stipulated that an answer be forthcoming within twenty-four hours. Simultaneously the British consul was induced to land marines as a foil to the Japanese claim and prevent the undisputed occupation of Amoy by one Power. This friendly feeling of Great Britain prompted her to co-operate in this matter, though both the German and the British consuls admitted that it was of small moment to their countries, yet they were willing to assist the United States, recognizing as they did, on the consul's presentation of the case, its importance to her in the Philippines.

The Japanese had embarked another contingent of troops from Formosa, to strengthen their occupation at Amoy, but they never left the island. As soon as the United States' protest reached Tokio, they were ordered to disembark. It was unfortunate that the American gunboat which the consul had sent for should have been delayed. She did not arrive until after the British ship *Isis*, which meanwhile had landed marines at the consul's request. Fully appreciating the friendly action of the British, yet national pride would have been more fully gratified had the *Castine* arrived first to do this work, and thus declared to the world more emphatically the success of American intervention. A highly exciting forty-eight hours followed the delivery of the protest. Meetings of

consuls were called to inquire into the feasibility of withdrawing the Japanese and the British troops, and to consider the ability of the Tao-Tai to maintain order among the Chinese.

A diplomatic trap was laid for Japan and she very readily fell into it. When Consul Johnson requested the withdrawal of the British marines, the British consul pretended to hesitate, and called upon the Japanese consul for an opinion. He stated that Japan would withdraw from the Amoy side if the British would. The British consul replied, "We will withdraw our marines if you will withdraw all your troops from both sides." The Japanese would not agree to this. After an hour's discussion the British consul stated that not a single British marine would be withdrawn so long as one armed man was left ashore. Consul Johnson thereupon notified both, with the consent of Captain Bowman of the *Castine*, that unless some agreement was made within twenty-four hours the United States would seriously consider the question of landing marines on the American concession.

During a private conference between the United States consul and the Japanese acting vice-consul—the consul having been called to Tokio for a consultation, it leaked out that he was powerless to order a withdrawal from Kulangsu without an order from Tokio! If any evidence were needed to prove the pre-conceived nature of the plan, this disclosure would undoubtedly supply it. The upshot of this private conversation was that on returning to the meeting of consuls the Japanese acting vice asked for twenty-four hours more, giving him time to hear from Tokio. He had been clearly given to understand that no settlement short of absolute withdrawal would be accepted. The game was up, but it took Japan forty-eight hours to officially admit the fact. The final consent to the withdrawal was given on the 7th of September.

During the whole of the negotiations the Tao-Tai was in constant communication with Consul Johnson. He came to him for advice on every point. His worst trouble was with the Chinese soldiery. Unable to obtain money to settle their long overdue pay, four hundred men had mutinied. The hurried flight of thousands of people from the city had produced that chaotic condition so dear to the thieves of all communities. Some of them had been arrested and condemned to public execution. The executions had been published, but the soldiers refused to carry out the sentences. If the public once realized that the Chinese military power had broken down, a panic would ensue and the unruly element would precipitate a condition which would give the Japanese a real excuse not only for their presence but for active operations. If this had been permitted to happen the Japanese would have had cause to demand a concession as indemnity, and the diplomatic effort, so far successful, would have gone to pieces. The whole question hinged on the money; \$10,000 was needed instantly. The American consul on his own responsibility advanced the money and saved the situation. This none of the other consuls knew then, nor did they learn it till long afterward.

As a concession to Japan, and to soothe her wounded feelings, the British agreed to pull down their flag first, a flag which had been put up for no other purpose than the bringing down of both. But it was a matter of great ceremony. With regal uniforms, bands of music, and exchanges of courtesy the ceremony was gone through and the troops re-embarked. Thus the incident terminated, but it had an after-effect. The president of the Foreign Board was sent down to Amoy to personally thank Consul Johnson, not merely as the representative of the United States, but individually for his service in bridging the situation with a loan. Later it was clearly suggested that the Chinese were willing to hand over Kulangsu to the United States as a special concession. The offer was declined in that form, but after discussion the suggestion of making the island over to all the nations was formally taken up by the Chinese, and Kulangsu is now a foreign settlement with broader advantages in municipal matters than pertain to Tien-Tsin, or even Shanghai. One of the greatest and, to the world, most beneficial results of this diplomatic defeat of Japan can be seen in the Anglo-Japanese alliance. Had Japan been successful in seizing and retaining Amoy it is safe to conclude that she could not have allied herself with Great Britain to maintain China's integrity. She would simply have been a rival with Germany, Russia, and France for its partition. Japan, forced to forego the fruits of her victory over China by the European Powers, and again defeated diplomatically by the United States in her second attempt to hold Chinese territory, has been compelled to ally herself with England for the defense of China and the maintenance of equal trading rights there for all countries. The attitude of the United States toward China has pointed the best solution of the Eastern problem, and it is very gratifying to think that with Great Britain and Japan as the fighting front and the United States a powerful friendly neutrality the principles of China's integrity and the "open door" for trade are now nearer realization than they have ever been.

## Notice to Readers of "Leslie's Weekly."

WE ARE informed that a swindler is traveling in the Western States, offering dress patterns in connection with subscriptions to an alleged LESLIE publication. No such offer is being made on behalf of LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

## The Army Mule

THERE'S a true and faithful comrade

To every soldier dear,  
Though on the army pay-roll  
His name does not appear;  
He's ignorant of tactics,  
And never went to school;  
He's born to bear the burdens—  
The good old army mule.

HIS hair is coarse and scrubby,

His ears are long and wise,  
And in a show for beauty  
He wouldn't take a prize.  
The kicks and cuffs intended  
For others as a rule  
Are vented on the person  
Of the patient army mule.

ON many a field of glory

His shattered bones are laid,  
An unrecorded hero  
Of charge and cannonade.  
The hard and tiresome marches,  
The rest beside the pool,  
Still find him overloaded—  
The weary army mule.

BUT if he gets no credit

On this terrestrial ball,  
The Power supreme, all-seeing,  
That notes the sparrow's fall,  
And measures beast and driver  
By one celestial rule,  
Be sure will not forget him—  
The poor old army mule.

MINNA IRVING.





A DAZZLING FENCER.  
CH. WEBER'S NEW YORK SOCIETY GIRL, NO. 5.

Exhilarate the spirit and restore  
The tone of languid nature.  
— Cropper.



# Strange Sequel of the Capture of Miss Stone

By James H. Ross

**I**MMEDIATELY PRECEDING the release of Miss Stone by the Bulgarian brigands who captured her, a cablegram announced that the husband of Mrs. Tsilka had been arrested, charged with being a conspirator who had aided in selling his wife into captivity. Since then, the public has heard but little as to the sequel. The case is not ended. Neither is it settled. Turkey never hurries. Neither Mr. Tsilka nor the friends of Miss Stone know what Turkey will do. Technically Mr. Tsilka was not arrested, but was detained and is under surveillance. When, on February 23d, he knew by telegraphic message from Serres to Salonica that the captives were released, he planned to leave at once, to meet his wife. But the police would not allow him to go. The Turks seemed to be very suspicious of him. Such restraint as there was on their part was due to the fear that foreign correspondents of the European and American press would make it hot for them.

Mr. Tsilka, on February 25th, was finally allowed to leave Salonica. Consular Agent Lazzaro conferred with the missionaries and with Vali Pasha concerning his case. On Friday, February 27th, he boarded the train in Salonica for Sofia and was called out before the train started and detained. The police mudir said that he might go anywhere he pleased in the Vilayet, but not out of the country. February 24th he was permitted to leave Salonica by rail, to meet his wife and return with her. The Vali showed Mr. Lazzaro an order from the Minister of the Interior telling him not to let Mr. Tsilka go out of sight, and adding: "I think this is in accordance with the wishes of the American legation." But he may have misinterpreted the wishes of the legation. Mr. Tsilka repeatedly said: "All I want is a fair trial without torture. If they can prove anything against me, I am ready to suffer." It was possible that letters had been forwarded to him from America, exhorting the Turks, and that they had been intercepted. But he said, with truth, that he should not be held for what another had written who was not under his control.

Assuming that he had been deceptive, while living in Salonica with the missionaries for six weeks, they would have condemned him in severest terms. Such baseness as was charged against him, viz.: Selling his wife and causing so much anguish to so many hearts in many lands for six months, would have deserved heavy judgment in speech and judicial punishment. But if he has been an innocent sufferer, like the missionaries themselves, and the kindred and friends of Miss Stone, any addition to his sufferings by false charges and imprisonment is intolerable. If charges against him are pressed,

the civilized world will wait with wonder for the proofs.

If sound proofs are not forthcoming, his arrest will be regarded as an act of cruelty and Turkey will lose that much in the world's estimation. Moreover, Miss Stone wields the pen of a ready writer, and if she is convinced of his innocence, she will be unsparing in her denunciations through the press. Her character and courage are well known.

As Mr. Tsilka himself has no objections to testifying, no one else will object to his being examined by the authorities. For that purpose arrest and imprisonment are not necessary. American influence can be exerted to aid in securing him judicial and fair treatment. The commander in Serres has persistently hindered the work of liberation and broken his promises not to chase the band who held the captives, thereby imperiling their lives. He is known to be hostile to Mr. Tsilka. The American principle is to believe a man innocent until proved guilty. If innocent, Mr. Tsilka is suffering for being associated with an American citizen. The Americans in Salonica will turn every stone to help him, until he is proved guilty. Nothing yet heard would be regarded by a grand jury in this country as warranting an indictment. What Turkey will continue to do, time alone can tell. It may do nothing more; it might do much more. For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, Turkey is peculiar.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY has special facilities for keeping its readers informed of the political agitation through which Bulgaria and Macedonia are now passing, and of the quality of the leaders who are the agitators, and there are reasons for believing that the ransom of Miss Stone, the captured missionary, may only lead to new and more serious troubles. The Bulgarians, among themselves, before they obtained their freedom from Turkey, in 1878, were a comparatively pure people. Now licentiousness is bold and often brings no disgrace. The use of intoxicating liquors, aside from the wines of the country, is probably tenfold what it was in 1860, and the use of wine has greatly increased. Infidelity, bold and aggressive, was scarcely known in 1860. Now many teachers, probably the larger part of the influential men and a very large proportion of the students, are said to be boldly godless. During the past ten years, students have been expelled from the missionary schools for unmentionable vices. Infidelity, rank socialism, and all forms of godlessness have greatly increased. It seems probable that some of the ransom money paid for the release of Miss Stone and Mrs. Tsilka has been supplied to be used in preparation for incursions from Samokov into Macedonia.

Macedonia ought to be free. The only doubt is whether

the resort to arms should be made. But the leaders of the Macedonian committee are men of no principle and their followers become like them. Plans for various inroads into Macedonia are being made. An American resident in Samokov writes as follows:

When Serbia fell upon Bulgaria, I went to see five student volunteers take their summer night departure about 11 P. M. I respected them and my heart was with them. As yet I have seen no one engaged in this Macedonian movement whom I have respected, and whatever shall be done it will be done chiefly under the guidance of those who hate God, at least so far as those in Bulgaria are in this movement. All Macedonia wants freedom and will do what will seem to lead to freedom, yet I fear that all the efforts will result in much needless bloodshed, and I also fear that, in the end, no real benefit will be gained.

There is apprehension among the American missionaries in Bulgaria lest Miss Stone may not be the only captive by brigands. Fears are expressed that other plotters may plan again to show that "little Bulgaria could outwit great America and make her pay other ransoms." One missionary has been accustomed to travel alone on horseback, not infrequently from five to twenty miles over old roads and mountain paths and often without any path and through tangled bushes, striking for known landmarks miles away. Twice, by anonymous letters, he has been threatened with death if he did not pay money. He has disregarded the threats, and acted essentially as though he had not received the letters. On the range of mountains among which the Turkish troops chased the brigands who had Miss Stone, there is scarcely any habitation. Hence the brigands are comparatively safe in such a region with their captives. Some of the missionaries have notified their associates, and the official boards in this country, that if they are captured they do not wish any ransom to be paid. They deem it wise that no premium should be put on capturing missionaries.

On the 4th of March, thirty persons were brought to Monastir, Macedonia, 100 miles northwest of Salonica, and put in prison. Their friends are not allowed to see them. Arrests of suspected persons are made continually. The prisons are full. The state of the country is very bad and there is great suffering, and many of the sufferers are innocent. All the teachers at Racine, four hours' distant from Monastir, have been brought to jail in Monastir. There is great need that the European Powers should take up the matter of reforms in Macedonia. An autonomy would solve many problems. Macedonia is honeycombed with Bulgarian "committee" work. It was a political mistake to make captives of Miss Stone and Mrs. Tsilka. Much sympathy for the Bulgarians has been lost thereby. All Bulgarians do not approve of that step, however much they may desire liberty in Macedonia.

## Women Who Are Wonderful Athletes

By Harry Beardsley

**O**N ONE of the Eastern vaudeville circuits is a company of women acrobats who possess a strength and agility which does not seem human. It is more like the activity and liteness of the cat. This particular group of acrobats are the Picchiani sisters. To the audience there appear one brother and seven sisters. At first the very youngest of the company, a girl of sixteen, attired in the dainty colonial costume, embroidered coat, knickerbockers, and silk stockings, steps gracefully before the footlights.

She bows to the wings at the right and then to the wings at the left; and there appear from both sides six young persons muffled in light opera-cloaks. These they throw off and stand smiling in evening gowns. The brother appears; and like a flash the eight acrobats leap into action.

One springs to the shoulder of another, she is tossed into the air, caught again on another's shoulders, hurled head over heels in a rapid somersault to the floor. Then one of the women stands firm. Another springs deftly to her shoulders and balances there. Two others, one on either side, are pulled by their hands from the floor by the woman who stands on the other's shoulders. The woman at the bottom of the figure holds out her arms in a rigid horizontal position, pressing her hands against the bodies of the two girls suspended at her sides. Thus she holds a triple burden—one woman on her shoulders, another at her right side, the third on her left. The combined weight is about 350 pounds. And the woman who holds this does not herself weigh more than one-third of 350 pounds. She is small and slender.

There is nothing about her that would suggest such strength. It seems as though she would be crushed. True, there is a strained expression in her face; but, after the women at her sides have dropped to the floor and have bounded away, and the one on her shoulders has thrown herself off in a somersault, the little strong woman smiles, bows to the audience, and steps back in her place.

The performance goes on. In all sorts of shapes these acrobats build themselves up, making strange structures of bone and muscle. They are tossed about one to the other. They tumble and leap across the stage and from each other's shoulders. The music is full of rhythm and motion, adding to the effect of the wonderful action on the stage; and then, after the applause is over and the curtain is rung down, the Picchiani sisters walk back into the green room. They are breathless, and moist with perspiration. But the man of the company is complaining and scolding with great vehemence in Italian. He is like that proud dictator, the rooster, in his family of hens.

It seems that something in the "act" was imperfect,

has "gone wrong," and he at once orders a rehearsal. The particular feat must be practiced until it is without a flaw. There should be no mistakes. So the green room, which in Keith's New York house is no more than a hallway between dressing-rooms, was soon again alive with these acrobatic Italians, throwing each other through the air.

It is altogether probable that such skill and muscular perfection could not be developed during one generation. In the case of the Picchiani sisters it is the result of the law of heredity. That is the explanation for these wonders. These are of the third generation of a line of acrobats. Their father was a famous tumbler in Italy. Their grandfather was a "strong" man. And moreover, the members of this family have been trained from infancy for the life which they lead.

The laws of heredity have been applied in this case to produce certain desired results, just as is done among the lower animals. The race-horse is fleet because it inherits the fleetness of its ancestors. By development it becomes a running machine. The strength of the bulldog's jaws is the result of the laws of heredity. And in the same way these women acrobats have been produced. This is the secret of the wonderful skill and muscle and nervous initiative force of the Picchiani family.

And a very unusual physique is the result. These acrobatic women are formed almost like men. They have lost their feminine grace. Their shoulders are broad and their hips are narrow. And this fact is emphasized by a little deception which the Picchiani family practice on the public. One of the seven "sisters" is a brother. Among those who smile and bow and perform before the audience garbed in décolleté gowns is a lean and awkward boy. He is eighteen years old, but it would be impossible for a person in the audience to distinguish him from the girls and women. There is very little difference in their forms.

These acrobats, like their ancestors, from whom they inherit their strength and skill and agility, began their training in babyhood. At two years old their development commenced. The little babies were given small wooden dumb-bells to lift above their heads. At six they were put in the "harness" to learn tumbling. The "harness" consists of a strap around the waist of the child. From this is a rope to the ceiling of the room. The rope runs through a pulley and the other end of it is in the hand of the trainer, who stands near the beginner. The first thing to learn is the back set.

This is done by jumping into the air, throwing the head backward and turning once over, landing on the feet. The beginner finds a tendency to alight on his

head instead of his feet, and this is where the "harness" saves him, for the trainer, by pulling on his end of the rope keeps the pupil from the floor. After this is learned, the acrobats continue their training, constantly undertaking and conquering more difficult feats. Thus, by the time they are ten or twelve years old they are capable of taking their places in the troupe.

In the Picchiani family there is a girl of twelve who is ready to assume her place in the "act" as soon as the boy who masquerades as a woman becomes too old to longer practice the deception. Thus the acrobat business of these Italians moves forward from father and mother to son and daughter, a constant development—a development so marvelous that a girl of seventeen has the strength of a man, and the grown women have muscles like Sandow.

The oldest of this Picchiani family is Inez, thirty-four years of age. Polissena, the strongest sister, is twenty-eight. The brother, Louis, is twenty-five. Egyptia is nineteen; Jack, who appears in dainty feminine garb, is eighteen; Luisa is seventeen; and Ansonietta, the youngest, is sixteen.

### Prizes for Amateur Photographs.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY was the first publication in the United States to offer prizes for the best work of amateur photographers. We offer a prize of five dollars for the best amateur photograph received by us in each weekly contest, the competition to be based on the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. Preference will be given to unique and original work and for that which bears a special relation to news events. We invite all amateurs to enter this contest. Photographs may be mounted or unmounted, and will be returned if stamps are sent for this purpose with a request for their return. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize-winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed, and one dollar will be paid for each photograph we may use. No copyrighted photographs will be received, nor such as have been published or offered elsewhere. Many photographs are received, and those accepted will be utilized as soon as possible. Contestants should be patient. No writing except the name and address of the sender should appear on the back of the photograph except when letter postage is paid, and in every instance care must be taken to use the proper amount of postage. Photographs must be entered by the makers. Silver paper with a glossy finish should be used when possible. Mat-surface paper is not suitable for reproduction. Photographs entered are not always used. They are subject to return if they are ultimately found unavailable in making up the photographic contest. Preference is always given to pictures of recent current events of importance, for the news feature is one of the chief elements in selecting the prize-winners. The contest is open to all readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, whether subscribers or not.

**SPECIAL PRIZES.**—We offer special prizes of ten dollars to each prize-winner, until further notice, for the most unique, original, and attractive picture in the following classes: Decoration Day and Fourth of July. Contestants should mention the class in which they desire to compete.

**N. B.**—Communications should be specifically addressed to "Leslie's Weekly," 110 Fifth Avenue, New York. When the address is not fully given, communications sometimes go to "Leslie's Magazine," or other publications having no connection with "Leslie's Weekly."





WONDERFUL MUSCLES OF SHOULDERS, ARMS, AND BACK OF WOMAN OF TWENTY-EIGHT.



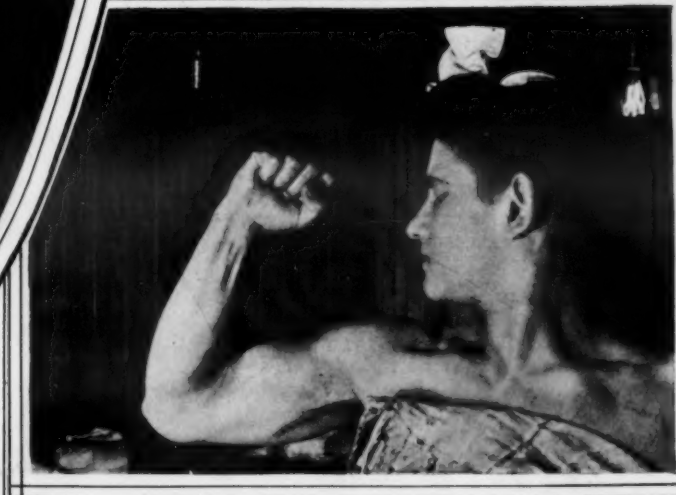
REMARKABLE MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT OF A GIRL OF SEVENTEEN.



THE "PYRAMID"—ONE WOMAN HOLDS 350 POUNDS.



THE "BRIDGE" AND "HAND-STAND" BY GIRLS SIXTEEN AND SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD.



A WOMAN WITH BICEPS LIKE SANDOW.

# WOMEN OF MARVELOUS STRENGTH AND AGILITY.

A TROUPE OF ITALIAN ACROBATS WHO HAVE ATTRACTED WIDE ATTENTION.—By our Staff Photographer, R. L. Dunn. See opposite page.



# Officer and Man

By H. Irving Hancock



TA-RA-TA-RA-TA-RA!

The blatant, peremptory notes of the army "alarm clock," blared out on the bugle at the lips of a young soldier sounding the "first call to reveille," roused the infantry camp to instant if reluctant action.

"Confound 'em all!" growled Private Haskins, as he slothfully crawled out of the little tent that soldiers call a "pup-house."

"Who?" sleepily inquired Kochman, his tent-mate, who was already seated on the grass, dressing by the first light of dawn.

"All the idiots who wake us up at daylight," came the angry answer, as Haskins, having adjusted his trousers, began at the side-lacings of his leggings.

"A soldier ain't much good if he can't sleep all night and all day too," sarcastically rejoined Kochman, standing up and pulling on his khaki blouse over his thick blue shirt. "What did you come into the army for if you're a sleeper?"

"I didn't know that the officers treated us like dogs—unlicensed dogs at that," growled Private Haskins as he finished lacing the second legging. Kochman snorted—rather tolerantly, to be sure—and glanced around to see all the inhabitants of the dog tents but four. The four tents belonged to the eight men who had gone out on the last tour of sentry duty in the night. They were still out, guarding the camp against the sudden surprise that meant death. Captain Miller and Lieutenant Gilbert, the two officers with the company, were out of their tent, looking over the camp with the keen glances of officers who know their full duty and mean to do it.

With a speed in dressing that would seem marvelous to civilians, the entirety of F Company was in its khaki field clothes, cheerfully ready for the work, fatigue, and fortunes of the day. The little camp lay in a tiny clearing in a forest of Samar. All about the Philippine jungle stretched thickly away. One solitary company of infantry, twenty miles from the coast and fifteen from the nearest town, was on the trail of unknown numbers of the active little brown men who employed death as their argument against Uncle Sam's sway in the far-eastern archipelago. There had been a chase, a skirmish, the day before. To-day there was every likelihood of a murderous pitched combat, the advantage to be with the side that saw the other first. Granted, of course, the American soldier is the better fighter, but there have not been wanting instances in which Filipinos have lured him into ambush and treated him with shameless deadliness.

"See here, rookie," admonished Kochman, his ordinarily good-natured Teutonic face betraying some distrust of the other's industry, "do you know that we've got about fifteen minutes for breakfast? You get your share of the wood, or you'll cook no coffee over my fire."

With a scowl Private Haskins followed his "bunkie" into the jungle. Within two minutes they had a brisk fire going, while both men, squatting on the ground, used the butts of their bayonets to grind the coffee beans furnished by the commissary department. To the grounds in their tin cups was added water enough, and the cups set over the fire for boiling. Strips of bacon were spread in ration cans, and these, too, were placed over the embers. In a very short time odors rose as aromatic as those that come from the kitchen of any first-class hotel. Hardtack was added—that's all there is to a soldier's breakfast in the field! Close to the two men already introduced squatted other groups of the lean, seasoned men of F Company.

Private Haskins swallowed his drink and food in silence at first. He was a recruit—a "rookie"—who had reached F Company only two days before. The first day had been bad enough—a day of marching through a sun-blistered country. Yesterday there had been a fight—merely a guerrilla affair in which two men of the company had been slightly hit. But Haskins, a luxury-lover and malcontent combined, already despised this career of absolutely hard work under the colors. As he ate, he wondered what would be the real risk in deserting.

"I'm thinkin'," said Sergeant Mullins, a little lean, grizzled man, of age impossible to guess, who had followed the fortunes of the army for twenty years on the western plains, "that we'll see but little more trouble the next few days."

"I should hope not," came disconsolately from Private Haskins.

"Now, rookie, who asked ye to say anything?" tartly inquired Mullins. "New men in the army should be seen—not heard."

"After the battle yesterday—" began Private Haskins.

"Battle be—whanged!" roared Mullins. "You're a cold-foot—a man that's afraid to smell powder, I'm thinkin'."

Crack! A half-mile away a rifle spoke. The Filipino

bullet, aimed too high, described an arc, striking Haskins's plate between his knees and burrowing in the ground. Though his sullen scowl did not vanish, Haskins picked up the plate, still smeared with the grease of his scattered bacon, poised the dish for an instant, then launched it full in the face of Sergeant Mullins.

Slowly the sergeant wiped his face on the inner side of his haversack. Next, good-naturedly he tossed back the plate, remarking:

"I made a mistake, me boy. You're no cold-foot. Bullets don't rattle ye. If it's any satisfaction to ye, ye have the apology of Jim Mullins."

Haskins, making no audible response, glowered at the ground. Recruit though he was, he knew he had committed a serious breach of discipline. He concluded that Mullins was a coward.

Two shots, unmistakably from "Krag" rifles, snapped out in the distance. Not one of the F men paid any heed; they were accustomed to these little affairs between sentries early in the morning. As they finished eating each man washed his cup and ration can with a little water poured from his canteen.

"Look here! Whose rifle is this?" spoke a sharp voice behind the men. Captain Miller, looking as spruce as though he had just stepped out of the tailor's, though he was twelve days away from civilization, stood frowningly pointing at a gun that lay on the ground before one of the pup-houses.

"It's mine," admitted Haskins, in no very amiable tone.

"Say 'sir,' when you answer me," came the captain's firm rebuke.

"It's mine, sir," Haskins almost growled.

"What is it doing in that shape, my man?" demanded the captain. "Do you understand that a soldier's first duty is to keep his rifle in condition for its work?"

"Yes," Haskins grudgingly admitted.

"Sir?"

"Sir!"

"Yet the muzzle is sticking in the ground, and choked with damp soil," continued Captain Miller, picking the piece up and slowly examining it. "The barrel is as foul as a city sewer. I've never seen a worse gun."

Haskins remained sitting on the ground, scowling ahead of him. The other men had risen to their feet, standing respectfully at attention.

"My man," resumed the captain, severely, "you not only keep your piece in the worst possible condition, but your uniform, though you've been with us but two days, shows gross slouchiness. Moreover, though you've spent three months at recruit camp, you don't seem to know enough to rise in the presence of an officer. Get up!"

Grudgingly, Haskins rose.

"I'm sorry for you, my man," said Captain Miller, turning away. "I fear you'll prove a disgrace to the American army. Sergeant Mullins, you're an old soldier. See what you can do with him."

"Yes, sir," replied the sergeant, and saluted. Then, as the captain walked away, the sergeant wheeled about, put his arm through the recruit's and led him a few paces away.

"Ye've got a few things to learn, me boy," quoth the older man. "One of them, in the army, is that your own opinion don't count. The next is—"

"Look here," cried Haskins, angrily, breaking away from the friendly grip of his counselor, "I don't want any nonsense. If the United States want men to fight their battles they've got to treat them like men!"

"And don't they?" demanded Mullins, his eyes kindling.

"Perhaps the country intends to, but the officers—"

"Well, what—?" demanded Sergeant Mullins, halting under the shade of the nearest maze of jungle. His eyes should have warned the recruit.

"Captain Miller—" began the new man, passionately.

"Is a gentleman," finished Mullins, gravely. "He went to West Point, but that was to learn how to be an officer—not a gentleman. I don't know his father or mother, but Captain Miller was born a gentleman."

"He 'cussed me out' before the company."

"And ye deserved it. It's no disgrace to be a green rookie, but 'tis a cryin' shame to be a kicker—an army lawyer!"

Haskins's fists clinched, his face taking on a deeper purple hue.

"Miller is not a gentleman," he cried, savagely. "He's a cur! He's—"

Whump! Sergeant Mullins's fist shot out straight, catching the recruit under the chin. Haskins went to the ground like a felled tree. But he was a powerful young fellow. He leaped to his feet with murder in his eyes. Sergeant Mullins was so slight a fellow that he seemed like a snowflake in the way of a lightning-bolt. Yet he caught the recruit with a left swing that he had learned at Fort Snelling. Haskins now realized the need of caution. Trained fairly well in the ways of personal encounter, he rose as if groggy, then suddenly plunged his head at the sergeant's abdomen. Mullins lightly raised his foot—a trick acquired from the Mexicans on the Texas frontier—caught the man in the jugular, and keeled him over decidedly dazed.

"What's the meaning of this row? Sergeant, this is no way to break in recruits," sounded an angry voice.

Mullins turned just in time to perceive his captain striding up, while fifty interested men hovered in the background.

"Nothing but a bit of sport, sir," replied the sergeant saluting, while Haskins painfully regained his feet. "We had a friendly dispute, sir, about the relative values of different methods of sparring, and stepped over here to find out which had the best notions."

"H'm!" quoth the captain, gravely. "Don't carry it too far." With which admonition he turned and strode back to his own tent. By the time that he was under canvas some of the onlooking men raised a faint cheer.

Haskins made a move as if he would chance another blow.

"Hold up," commanded Mullins. "Go back to your bunkie and try to be a real man. I've patience with a green man if he's got any real stuff in him."

Saying which he turned contemptuously on his heel, leaving the private to follow him back to camp.

In the meantime ten men and a non-commissioned officer had started to the front. As the two late belligerents made their way toward the tents a dozen shots quickly rang out. These shots were fired by "Krag," the American guns, as every old soldier knew. Fifteen seconds later there came a rattling volley from Mausers. The little reconnoitering party from F Company had struck the enemy in force. In an instant Captain Miller was outside his own canvas.

"Strike your tents, men!" he shouted. "We must go forward at once."

Three minutes later the "assembly" blew out. All the while there had been intermittent American firing a little way off, with steady replies of Mauser fire. Many of the Filipino bullets, aimed too high, had struck the ground on which the soldiers labored. At "assembly" the men fell in, heavily burdened with tent-rolls, blankets, food-laden haversacks, canteens, and ammunition. Off they went at a swinging gait, in column of twos. They were going into a matter the issue of which was life or death, but they didn't look it. The American infantryman marches into action with the easy indifference of a gang of laborers strolling to their work. As they struck the jungle path single file became necessary. Each man had to keep one hand in front of him to fend off swinging twigs left in motion by the passage of his predecessor. And so they plodded on, coming soon within the zone of fire that the excited Filipinos were keeping up. A man was struck in the leg, sinking to the ground with a word or a moan, while the acting hospital steward, in the absence of a surgeon, hurried back to him. Kochman received a bullet through the brain; he never stirred after his limp form struck the ground. Haskins frowned, twitched at the mouth, but quickly closed up the gap in the line left by his dead "bunkie." Sergeant Mullins, a little way behind in the line, noted the conduct of the rookie, and nodded in semi-approval. Through the hollow trunks the Mauser bullets came crashing, making the worst, most nerve-racking sound then audible.

There came an instant's halt. As quickly as it could be done in the jungle the men were deployed out into a thin skirmish line, the soldiers nine feet apart. In this order, though minus two more men hit, they came upon the little reconnoitering party. It took Captain Miller but a few moments to locate the position of the enemy, intrenched at the military crest of a hill that lay just beyond the clearing ahead of them. There was no use in lying there, firing at seven hundred yards' range.

"Steady, men!" Then: "Sound the charge, bugler!"

With a yell as gleeful as that of schoolboys turned loose for the rest of the week the men of F Company leaped into the clearing, received a volley that staggered them for an instant, and then on up the hill they rushed, like the rising of a summer storm. As they ran, some fixed their bayonets; others slipped cartridges into their rifles; still others gripped their pieces by the muzzles, ready to bring down the butts upon the heads of the little brown men when the two forces met hand to hand. The khaki-colored line, thin as it was, did not falter once, even if three hundred brown men were firing at them from behind the shelter of a deep trench. While the Americans were still seventy-five yards away the little enemy broke and fled. Miller's men of F Company gained the trench and jumped into it, though they had left behind three men killed and eight wounded. As the men leaped into the trench they paused a moment to regain their breath, then began to fire at the Filipinos, vanishing over another earth-wall at the top of the hill, two hundred yards away. It was now a fight between two intrenched forces—but a trap. The wall on the side toward the enemy was a "blind" embankment—a mere thing constructed of bamboo splints and loose rubbish that did not stop a single Mauser bullet. A deafening volley from above, and four more men were wounded.





"There must be fully eight hundred of the rascals above," grumbled Captain Miller to his subordinate.

"Fully that, sir," coincided Lieutenant Gilbert, shouting in order to make himself heard over the din of the rifles.

"We can't stay here in the open. We'll have to get back to the jungle. There we may be able to trap the rascals."

Gilbert nodded. Quick orders were given to the wounded to make their escape to the rear. Ninety seconds later, with two more wounded added to the list, F Company made its wise retreat down the hill. As they rose a wild cheer came from the enemy. The hill above was dotted with exultant Malays swarming after them. Miller had gone forty yards when he heard a despairing yell above. Without an instant's hesitation he turned and sped back—alone—to the trench. He gained it, with four bullet holes in his uniform and a bloody scratch on his left arm. The enemy were now close at hand, firing wildly as they advanced. Most of their practice was directed at the solitary figure of the captain, standing well defined against a sky-line. It was miraculous that Miller did not fall with fifty bullets in him, but he paused long enough to glance down the ditch. There lay Haskins, shot through the left leg, unable to rise. A few bounds carried the captain to the rookie's side.

"Put your arms around my neck, my man," ordered the commander as he stooped and picked up the recruit with a skill and tenderness acquired from practice. Burden and bearer left the ditch, Miller's agile legs doing their best in the mad race between himself and the foremost Filipinos. Haskins, groaning slightly with the pain, lay passive, but he was conscious that the captain was carrying him so as to shield him with his own body from the flight of bullets that overtook them. Mullins and a half-dozen other soldiers, realizing what was taking place, turned, threw themselves face downward and fired as fast as they could to check the Filipino horde. In five minutes more F Company was safe in the jungle, annoyed only by a scattering fire from the little brown men, who did not dare follow into that maze. The Filipinos knew the danger from American ambush.

Haskins and some of the other wounded were sent down to the town of Basingan, on the coast, where they were treated at a military station that lay safe under the protecting guns of a little "tin-clad" gunboat. Sergeant Mullins, who had been hit in the shoulder while covering the retreat of the captain and his rookie, was ordered, much to his disgust, to the same station. Haskins lay in bed. Mullins, lying off in a big bamboo chair in the same room of the large nipa house that served as hospital, addressed the recruit:

"Now, me boy, what do ye think of your officers?"

"The same as ever," grumbled Haskins, weakly. "We men are dogs—or, at best, machines."

"Is it so?" roared Mullins, wrathfully. "Ye say that, and yet the captain saved your life."

"Probably he thought he might need me another time."

"I'm sorry for him if he does," retorted Mullins, promptly. "See here, me lad, ye've no more manhood in ye than a goat has—beggin' the goat's pardon. I've a shoulder that's a trifle bad, but if ye had two good legs to stand on I'd teach ye a decent American spirit towards your officers—them that's gentlemen, I mean. Captain Miller has a wife and three children. He staked their happiness on saving a dog like you. That's all I've got to say to you now!"

For two weeks Haskins lay in bed, nursing his grievance against officers. Even the surgeon irritated him. Mullins left hospital before the recruit was up. The sergeant's last words conveyed the expression of a belief that the recruit would ever be worthless as a soldier. He advised the private to leave the army forever as soon as his three years were up.

"Be sure that I will," retorted Haskins.

"And meantime, keep your mouth closed," snapped the sergeant, just before leaving the room. "There's some of us that's been long enough in the service to know that our officers are men. If you keep your mouth closed you may save your teeth."

Left behind, Haskins resolutely and sullenly went over every rebuking word that had ever been said to him by an officer. These gentlemen with the shoulder-straps were prigs, snobs, and bullies. Once he was out of the service he would enjoy meeting as many of them as possible and offering his opinion of them. Haskins had once been a school-teacher in a New England village, but had thrown up that employment because the members of the school committee thought they knew more than he did of the requirements of his position. He had hoped to find men in the army, but was satisfied now that the officers were overbearing brutes, while the men who submitted to their discipline were fawning curs.

It was five weeks later when Private Haskins, traveling with an escort train, rejoined his company, now stationed twenty miles further inland. As a matter of course he reported to Captain Miller, quartered in a comfortable



"PUT ME DOWN, MY MAN, AND SAVE YOURSELF," CAME THE FAINT ORDER. "THERE'S NO CHANCE FOR BOTH OF US."—Drawn by A. De Ford Pitney.

nipa house in the town of Paltog. Miller, seated at a table and scanning the company's clothing report, looked up as he heard the man enter.

"Oh, it's you, Haskins?" asked the captain, pleasantly, as the private sullenly saluted. "I'm glad to see you back. Hope you didn't leave the hospital too soon?"

And he held out his hand to the private. That would have been a very unusual procedure in a home barracks, but the captain, who loved his company, was willing to defy the regulations laid down for the social non-intercourse between officers and men. Haskins took the outstretched hand, clasped it lightly, clammily, then stepped back again and saluted.

"Shall I return to duty, sir?" he asked, abruptly.

"Yes; go to your sergeant," returned the captain. Surprise showed in his clear gray eyes as the recruit walked out. Haskins had apparently forgotten to express thanks for the gallant rescue that had saved his life.

Nor did Haskins improve in any respect during the next few days. He still hated all officers and regarded himself as a man who had written himself down a dog by entering the army for three years. Haskins kept as clear as possible of Sergeant Mullins, but tried to find one or two other discontented spirits among his fellow-privates. Within three days he had succeeded in making himself the man without a friend in F Company. He wondered why. Only Miller and Gilbert, while keeping strictly within the prescribed limits of their dignity as officers, tried once in a while to break down the sullen reserve and undercurrent disrespect of the dissatisfied man. They failed repeatedly, and now and then found necessity for more or less stern rebuke—but they did not cease trying to make good material out of this unpromising rookie.

Then there came a morning—a terrible morning that must ever be regarded with distress by Americans. There had been peace for weeks—no signs of an armed enemy about. It was all due to that fatal error of overconfidence in "our" side and underestimation of the enemy's abilities and enterprise that is common alike to Americans and to English soldiers. Whether the fault belonged to the officers or the men of F Company—or was to be equally divided between officers and men—no one perhaps will ever know. Certain it is that, in the seeming security of life at Paltog, outpost duty had been a good deal relaxed. The native president of the town, installed in a lucrative office by Captain Miller, had during the night before led a force of more than one thousand Filipino insurgents to the town and had posted them as near as possible to the street occupied by the officers and men of F Company.

While the men of F Company were eating their bacon and sipping their pints of black coffee around little fires in the main street of the town a signal shot was heard. The bullet tore up the dirt, throwing it over three or

four men. Not more than two seconds later a gust of bullets swept down the street, knocking over several of the men ere they had time to rise to their feet. Miller was first up. His commands rang out sharp and clear. The enemy were posted on the slopes on three sides, the ranges running from two to three hundred yards. Fully twenty men had no chance to get upon their feet before they were struck.

Selecting like a flash the point at which the insurgents seemed to be most strongly posted, Miller tried to lead his soldiers forward. The effort was useless. Men dropped so fast that it seemed as if the command was being wiped out by lightning bolts. In a choking voice Miller ordered his men to lie down and fire as fast and straight as they knew how. But it was hopeless.

"Gilbert," sounded the captain's voice, "this means extinction. It's of no use to fight. The ravine at our rear seems to be clear. I think we had better get as many of our men as possible down that way. Some of them may escape."

"You're right, sir, — it!" came huskily from the lieutenant. "The enemy—"

That was as far as the lieutenant got. A Mauser bullet entered his brain. Miller felt a sob choking at his throat. Then, rising to his feet, determined to save a portion of his command, if possible, he gave the order to rush for the ravine. The dead of F Company littered the street. There were not enough unhurt men to make any attempt to carry off the wounded. And the air, just above the street, was fanned into vibrating action by the passage of thousands of bullets. It was necessary for the bugler to sound the "retreat," that the small remnant of the company might hear the order. Miller's smoking revolver was flourished toward the ravine. Down the street fled the fugitives, dashed into the ravine and still kept running.

Haskins was among the last to reach comparative safety. Wonderingly he glanced back, saw Captain Miller, the last of the command to leave, within fifty yards of the scene of the first slaughter, and with scores of the little brown insurgents in pursuit. Even as Haskins looked, he saw his captain fall. There was a brief choke in the private's throat. Then, in sudden desperation he ran back, yelling like a Comanche and emptying the magazine of his rifle as

he ran. Sergeant Mullins, a little nearer the ravine, turned and saw what was taking place. Though wounded in the hip, he gave a hoarse cheer and started to wriggle back, slipping cartridges into his piece. From the houses of the natives brown women rushed out, hauling firewood after them and laying it in piles in the street. They and the insurgent soldiers dragged the bodies of the slain and wounded and laid them on the pyres. A dozen matches were struck and the wood began to blaze.

Sick at heart, with rifle empty, Haskins darted into this street of Hades. Dropping his rifle, he stopped but a second to pick up the body of his captain. Never pausing to see whether that officer still breathed, the recruit turned and fled. He was but thirty feet from the nearest Filipinos when he started, but his long, sinewy legs rapidly made the distance better. Realizing that their prey was escaping them, the Malays stopped and began to fire. A single rifle—Mullins's—almost in Haskins's face, gave the reply, at the rate of a shot every two seconds. Two of the Filipinos dropped.

"Put me down, my man, and save yourself," came the faint order from Captain Miller. "There's no chance for both of us."

"Then we're both doomed, sir," panted Haskins, a new light shining in his eyes.

Reloading his rifle, good old Mullins struggled to his feet, and slowly, painfully, retreated with them, reaching the ravine last.

Here they found the survivors, eleven others, some of them more or less seriously hit, but all halted by Corporal Butler, the only non-commissioned officer not struck. The men set up a wild cheer as they caught sight of Haskins, his burden, and the bleeding sergeant trailing in the rear.

"Don't crow, men," remonstrated Captain Miller, as Haskins laid him tenderly on the ground. "How many men are without a scratch? Five? Then Basingan is our destination. Forward, as quickly as we can go. Behind us are a thousand of the brown devils. We can't talk of revenge with much less than a battalion. Forward, as soon as you get your wind."

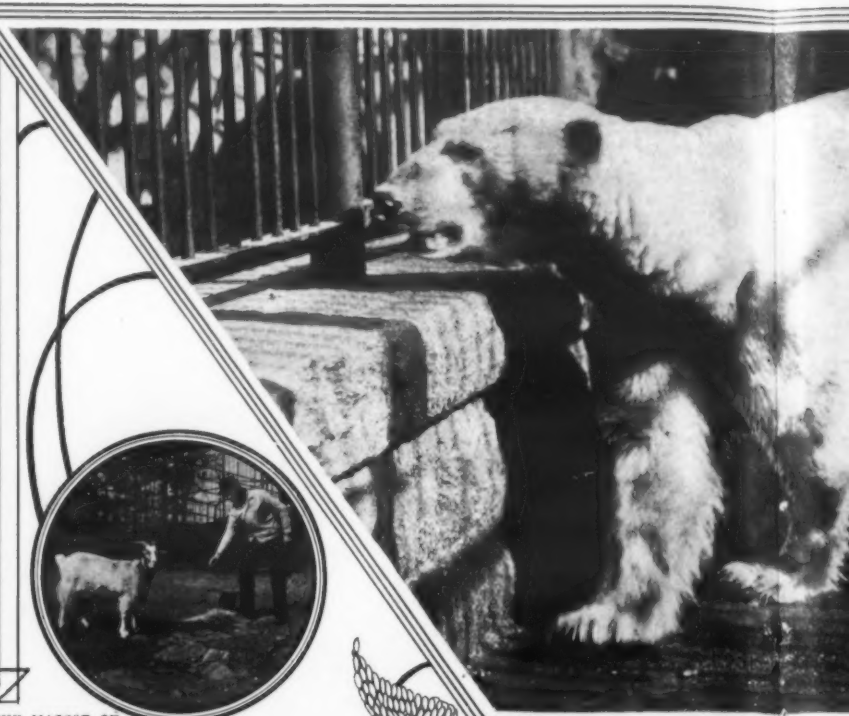
So the procession started, with three men in advance and four as rear-guard, the rest, Haskins among the number, keeping with their captain, who lay on a crude bamboo stretcher. They traveled as only men can who have been whipped and know that it is hopeless to try to retrieve the defeat. There were two or three alarms along the way, and not much time devoted to camping for rest. In the afternoon of the following day they reached Basingan. Within two hours the advance guard of a punitive expedition was on its way to Paltog, and two hours after that other troops, hastily sent for, were disembarking on the beach. But every dead and

Continued on page 354.





THE PLACID ZEBU, SACRED COW OF INDIA, IN ITS LOT.



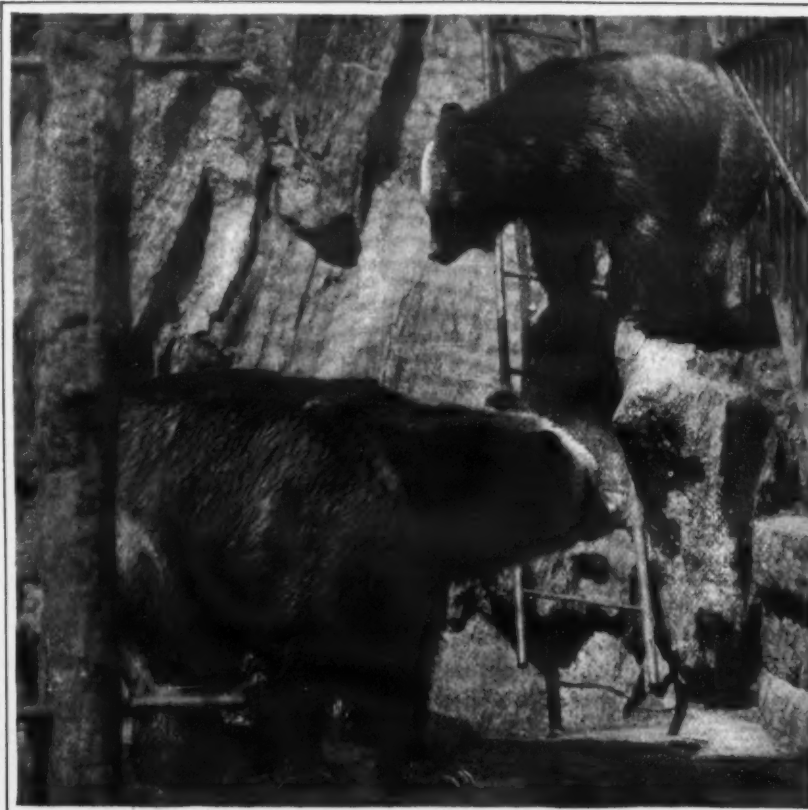
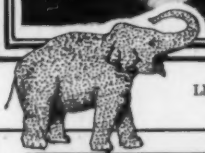
THE RESTLESS AND UNHAPPY



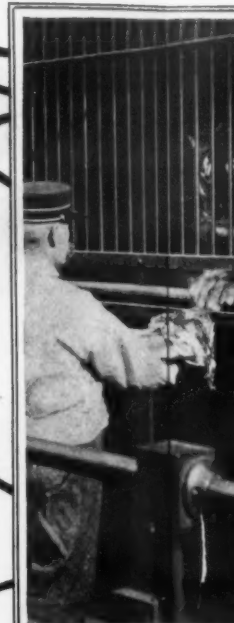
BILLY, THE MASCOT OF ROOSEVELT'S ROUGH RIDERS IN CUBA.



LION CUBS IN THE CAGE ABOARD SHIP.



THE BEARS IN A FROLIC IN THEIR PIT.



FEEDING THE SAVAGE



TOM AND JENNY, THE CENTRAL PARK CAMELS.



THE UGLIEST SPECIES OF

HOW WILD ANIMALS ARE SH  
THE INTERESTING TENANTS OF OUR ZOOLOGICAL PARKS WHICH REQUIRE V





STLESS AND UNHAPPY POLAR BEAR.



BEN, THE BUFFALO, OLDEST INHABITANT OF CENTRAL PARK "ZOO."



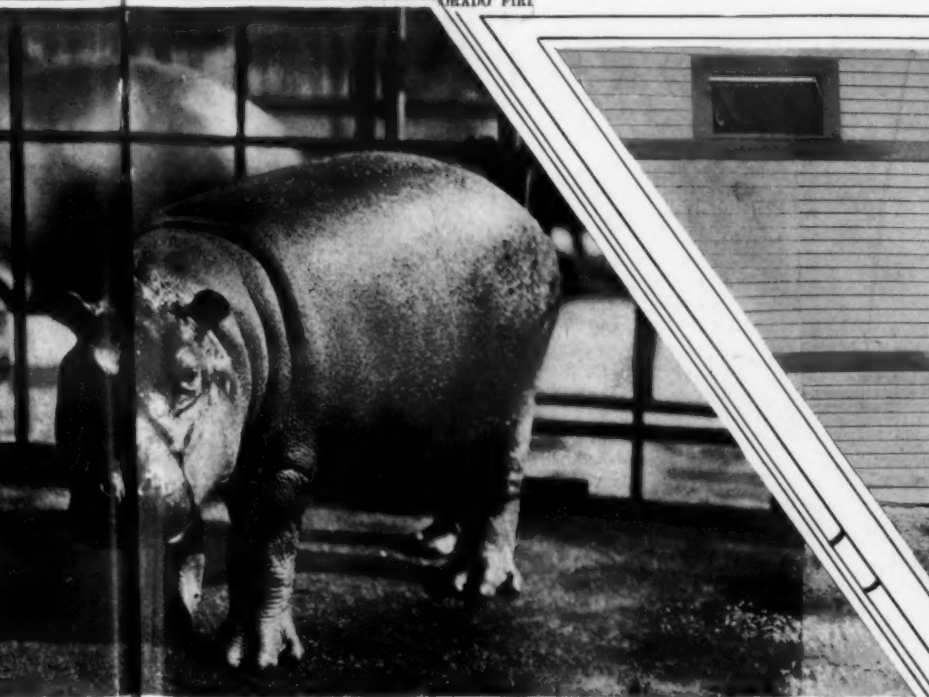
FEEDING THE SAVAGE TIGER.



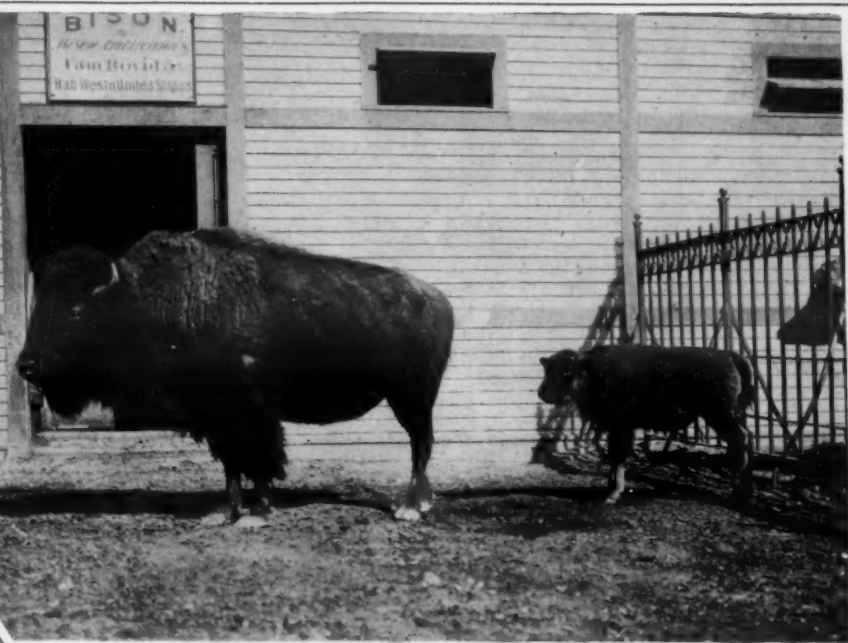
CAMELS IN THEIR STALL ON THE VESSEL.



TEACHING THE BABY BEAR TO DANCE.



THE UGLIEST SPECIES OF THE "ZOO."



BUFFALO CALF AND MOTHER—A RARE SIGHT.

ARE SHIPPED, HOUSED, AND FED.

H REQUIRE VIGILANT ATTENTION AND TENDER CARE.—*Photographs by Dunn and Burton.*





# How Wild Beasts Are Shipped to Market . . . By T. Wallace Thorne



CAPT. T. GOLDING is a robust and ruddy English skipper who knows, as well as any one, how to carry wild animals on a long sea voyage. He has just delivered successfully to the New York Zoological Garden at the Bronx a large cargo of strange beasts from the far East. Only a very few of the animals with which he started on his trip of six weeks did not live to see the end of the voyage. But Captain Golding has learned how to care for his wild animal companions through experience.

"Somebody said that a man has to destroy a bushel of eyes before he becomes a good oculist," said Captain Golding; "that's the way it is in the animal business. The first time I carried a cargo I lost a lot of them. It's no wonder; because you can't imagine a more complete change for the animals than to take them from their native wild haunts, where they have had air and freedom, and then lock them up in a little cage and chuck them on ship-board, to be carried through changing climates, fed on different food, and subjected to an entirely different mode of living. It is always a surprise to me that so many of them pull through. You've got to take better care of a big, thick-skinned rhinoceros, for instance, than you would of a little sick child.

"The first time I ever carried a python on a ship voyage I had a peculiar experience with him. I'll tell you that all this talk about the big snakes being able to fascinate and control birds, by fixing their eyes on the little fluttering creatures, is bosh. I had always read about it in my childhood story-books and had seen pictures of an innocent bird waiting for its doom in the presence of the glittering, fascinating gaze of a huge snake. I remember that I always felt very sorry for the poor little bird.

"When I started from the Orient with my cargo of wild animals, I brought along a lot of little Japanese roosters to feed my python, and to be cooked for some of my other animals. I had supposed that the python was a most dangerous snake. I used to be afraid to go anywhere near him. But the python isn't poisonous. He can't hurt you unless he can get his coils around you, and he can't do that very well in a narrow cage. So I don't mind going in a cage with one now.

"After I had been out about a day I thought my python

must be getting hungry. He lay quietly in his cage when I threw a little Japanese rooster in to him. I went away then, because I didn't care to see the poor little chicken fascinated by the deadly snake and then swallowed whole. When I returned to the cage, after about half an hour, what do you suppose I saw? The little Japanese rooster was standing on the python's head, trying to pick the snake's eyes out. I got the little rascal out of the cage as soon as I could. I thought he might kill the big snake.

"When I saw that the python couldn't kill a chicken, I tried rabbits. I put two of them in the snake's cage. At first the little bunnies were almost scared to death. They scurried into one corner of the cage and huddled there. The python did not seem to take any interest in them.

"After a while I sent my Chinese sailor, who always looks after my animals for me, to see whether the python had made a meal. John came back to me grinning.

"Snake no eaty labbit," he said.

"And, sure enough, when I peered into the python's cage, there were the little rabbits, having a game of hide-and-seek, hopping about all over the great, greasy coils of the snake. After that we didn't bother the python with offers of food, and I learned later that frequently pythons go without eating for six months. During all that time they lie sluggish and inactive.

"Then at the start," continued Captain Golding, "I had trouble with my hairy-eared rhinoceros, who is a very rare specimen; so I was very particular about him. He wouldn't eat. In his native state he lives on branches and leaves and the tender shoots of trees. The best I could get for him was Australian hay and sweet potatoes. Australian hay is simply oats, straw with the oats left on. It is very nourishing. But I think it must have been too dry for Rhino. Then I thought of a scheme to tempt his appetite. I had heard that in the Philippine Islands our American soldiers had had trouble in getting their horses to eat this hay, and that they had sprinkled molasses on it and found that the horses then took to it very well. I tried this with the rhinoceros and he at once relished the hay. Then, after he had gotten used to eating it, I stopped sprinkling it with molasses; he didn't seem to know the difference. After that he ate a quarter of a bale of hay a

day and fifty pounds of sweet potatoes. That with the salt composed his diet.

"I have tried for many years," said the captain, "to get a gibbon through to America, but I have never been able to keep one alive until the end of the voyage. Monkeys are the most sensitive and delicate of the wild animals. In the first place, they become homesick. That takes away their appetite. Then they are very susceptible to colds, and the first thing you know the monkey has pneumonia. Although monkeys will eat almost anything, the food which they receive in captivity often disagrees with them, and they have dysentery. In fact, the monkeys seem to have all the afflictions of human beings. The two gibbons and an orang-outang with which I started on my last trip died after we had been out about three weeks. The oranges are getting more valuable all the time. They are becoming more scarce and the demand is increasing, because new zoological gardens are being opened. My animals were always fed once every day, and I always visited them to see that they were getting along. One meal a day is enough for them in captivity."

A difficult thing to adjust for animals on an ocean voyage is the matter of temperature. The rhinoceros who came over on the "Afridi" had a special room built for him and heated with a stove. During a part of the voyage the animals which were accustomed to cold weather, like the Japanese bear, the fox, and red-faced cold-weather monkeys, who live in the snow in Japan, rode on deck, their cages being placed in the open air. Most of the beasts lived on vegetables, and rice was their staple. Those which eat meat, like the Japanese foxes, martens, badgers, etc., were given small fowl, sometimes raw and sometimes cooked. Although the wild animal in captivity has the sad fate of a man in jail, the beasts have one great advantage over the human race on an ocean voyage. The animals are never seasick.

After they arrived in New York, Captain Golding's cargo of animals was transported to the park at the Bronx, where they will settle down to a dull routine mode of life, submitting, not always patiently, to their close confinement and to the stares of thousands of human faces.

## The Fire-fighters of New York.

USUALLY THE student of New York statistics finds in his searchings what he expects; frequently he makes discoveries that surprise himself. The fact is everywhere known that New York City has the largest fire department in the country. It is generally spoken of as a paid department exclusively. The intelligent reader, even if he be a resident of the metropolis, will be surprised to learn that the last printed report of the department shows that of the 5,134 men who constitute its entire membership 3,530 are enrolled as volunteers, and that the paid men number but 2,554.

The volunteers are all in the small boroughs of Queens and Richmond. These boroughs, according to the official return, with less than one-seventeenth of the population of the city, have a great many more firemen—the excess is about 1,000—than the great boroughs of Manhattan, Brooklyn, and the Bronx. Probably no other population of equal number has as many volunteer firemen as bless the inhabitants of Queens and Richmond. Printed official documents give no reason for the excess in these two boroughs over the remainder of the city.

The maintenance of the fire department of the great city costs about \$5,000,000 annually. In Manhattan and the Bronx there are ninety-six companies of firemen and in Brooklyn seventy-nine. Some of these are double companies—one section responding to an alarm and the other remaining in reserve. Five hundred horses are kept in active service. In Manhattan and Bronx the alarms of fire number about 220 per week, or nearly 115,000 per year. Two hundred million gallons of water are used annually for extinguishing fires on Manhattan island. Manhattan and Bronx have 2,534 signal boxes for turning in alarms, that are maintained by the city, and there are nearly as many more kept efficient by private capital. The annual fire loss of the entire Greater New York is between eight and a half and nine millions of dollars. Many of the buildings in which fire losses have occurred appear in their plans as fire-proof. But their contents are not. The latter usually are destroyed while the walls of the buildings that have held them remain intact. Very rarely is a modern building burned to the ground. Its construction stands the fire test.

HENRY McMILLEN.

## Officer and Man.

Continued from page 351.

living body left behind at the little town in Samar had been swiftly cremated by the brown victors, who, in turn, had safely retreated from the wrath to come.

Shot through the lower edge of the right lung, Captain Miller lay in the best room of the nipa-thatched hospital at Basingan. He was certain to recover, the army surgeon said, and was permitted to have visitors. Sergeant Mullins, who refused to go to bed, and who was able to hobble about, was in the same room with his captain.

"Can I come in?" asked a voice, and Private Haskins,



ESTES G. RATHBONE, DIRECTOR OF THE CUBAN POSTS, AT ONE TIME FOURTH ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL, NOW SENTENCED TO TEN YEARS' IMPRISONMENT AND HEAVILY FINED FOR POSTAL FRAUDS.

with his hand at his sombrero in prolonged salute, stood at the door of the room.

Mullins glanced at his chief, who nodded, and the recruit entered softly. Going over and kneeling beside the bed, Haskins took his captain's hand gently in his.

"I've come to beg your pardon, sir," began the recruit, huskily.

"For what?" demanded Miller, in palpable surprise.

"For not thanking you, sir, for that time when you saved my life."

"I guess we're even, Haskins. You certainly saved mine."

"But I acted like a cur, sir. I always hated you, sir—I suppose because you were a captain and I was a private. I thought officers treated men like dogs. Now I know that you didn't treat me like a dog—but you ought to have done it, sir—for I was one."

"Hush!" commanded the captain, stretching his nearer arm around the recruit's neck. "I know a good man, even if he doesn't know himself at first."

"Will you forgive me, sir, and give me a chance to show that I can be a decent soldier?" asked Haskins, almost inaudibly.

"There's nothing to forgive," replied the captain, quietly. "As to your being a good soldier—Sergeant Mullins!"

"Yes, sir," replied the old non-com., hobbling over to the bedside.

"Can you find any flannel?"

"I guess the surgeon has some, sir."

"Get it, and when you feel able, cut out a pair of corporal's chevrons for Private Haskins."

"Yes, sir," replied Mullins, and gave the private a queer glance.

"How old are you, Haskins?" asked the captain, after a few moments' pause.

"Twenty-four, sir."

"And you've been well educated?"

"I suppose so, sir."

"Then you have four years in which to earn a lieutenant's commission from the ranks. Get it, if you can. I'll help you as much as possible. If you win out—and God grant you may—get a lot more by that time about the old, good man. Good-night."

"Good-night, sir!" said Haskins, on tip-toe and softly closed the door after him.

## Food Does It.

RESTORES HEALTH MORE SURELY THAN ANY MEDICINE.

IT IS a short road to trouble when the food does not supply the right material to rebuild the brain. You cannot use the brain without breaking down small particles every day, and you cannot rebuild unless the food furnishes the right kind of building material, and that is albumen and phosphate of potash. Not such as you get from the druggist, but such as nature stores in certain kinds of food.

Grape-Nuts contains these particles and well-defined results can be obtained from using the toothsome, delicious food.

A brain worker whose name can be given by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich., writes: "Last Fall I got in a desperate condition through excessive mental work and lack of proper food. I was finally compelled to abandon all business and seek absolute quiet and rest in the country."

"I had been under the care of a good physician for several months, but it seemed my food did not rebuild the brain tissue properly. I was on the verge of despair when I left for the country."

"Down at the ferry I purchased an evening Journal and my attention was attracted to the headlines of a Grape-Nuts advertisement which read, 'Food Cure Nature's Way.' I read it carefully and decided to give Grape-Nuts a trial, so next morning I went in on the new food and in two weeks' time gained ten pounds and felt like a new man all over."

"I candidly believe if I had known the remarkable sustaining power of the food prior to my illness I would not have needed a physician nor would I have been sick at all."





THE IMPROVISED FERRY—AN INCIDENT OF THE LATE FLOOD IN RHODE ISLAND.  
J. W. Sperry, Oak Lawn, R. I.



EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S RESIDENCE AT PRINCETON, N. J.  
W. McIntyre, Princeton, N. J.



A DINNER FOR THE SQUIRREL IN THE PARK.  
Thomas B. Gresham, Baltimore, Md.



JOLS COAL-MINE AT JOLS, O., ONE OF THE LARGEST IN THE COUNTRY.  
Harry L. Hawkins, Nelsonville, O.



A COLORADO FIRE-ENGINE ON RUNNERS.  
Charles R. Bauman, Aspen, Col.



(PRIZE-WINNER.) RENDEZVOUS OF THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB OF CALIFORNIA, IN SAN MATEO COUNTY.  
Arthur Inkersley, San Francisco, Cal.



CITY GATES OF ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.—ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE OLD SPANISH WALL.  
J. P. Greaves, St. Augustine, Fla.



BOYS' TUB-RACE—WINTER SCENE AT PALM BEACH, FLA.  
L. H. Schultz, New York.

TIMELY PICTURES BY AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS—CALIFORNIA WINS.  
THEIR CAMERAS RECORD THE STRIKING CONTRAST BETWEEN THE NORTHERN AND THE SOUTHERN WINTER.





KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.  
Copyright, 1899, by F. Green.

## Women in the World of Letters

By L. A. Maynard



ELIZA ORZEKO.  
Author of "The Argonauts."

THAT MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT has lost none of that felicity of style which since the advent of "That Lass o' Lowrie's" has won for her an increasingly large circle of readers is evident from her latest stories, "The Making of a Marchioness" and its sequel, "The Methods of Lady Walderhurst" (Frederick A. Stokes Company). Both of these, which really constitute one story, are much more creditable to Mrs. Burnett than "A Lady of Quality," which seemed to us decidedly coarse in certain parts and more adapted to the tastes, as it has proved, of a portion of the theatre-going public than of the readers of books. Clorinda behind the footlights, as presented by Julia Arthur, was certainly a more attractive personage than she appeared to be in the book itself. Emily Fox-Seton, who is made a marchioness in the first of these new stories, and appears as Lady Walderhurst in the second, is a truly admirable woman under all guises, a type which, had it come a little earlier, ought surely to have found a place among Mr. Howells's heroines of fiction. The first part of Emily Fox-Seton's life flows like a placid stream between green and flowery banks, but as Lady Walderhurst dark and tragic elements enter the story, and at the close we have the striking picture of the hardening effects of neglect and abuse as seen in the calm acquiescence of the unhappy "little woman," Emily's friend, in the scheme which brought death to her brutal and drunken husband and satisfied the ends of retributive justice.

PLEASANT GLIMPSES of Frances Hodgson Burnett's English home, Maytham Hall, at Rolvenden, in County Kent, are given by Charlotte Harwood in the March number of The Critic. We are told here that "The Making of a Marchioness" gives some glimpses of Mrs. Burnett's life at Maytham. "Lady Maria" is drawn from life, and the village treat took place on the grounds of the hall, when the Rolvenden villagers were treated to tea, donkey rides, sports, and four hundred presents for young and old. In the spacious yet quiet home at Rolvenden, with its climbing roses, its old orchard, its tennis court and croquet grounds, its terraces and lawns, Mrs. Burnett spends her summers and does the most of her literary work, passing the winter season usually in London. During the winter just past she has been in America finishing her new book, "The Destiny of Bettina." The story, we are informed, is of an "international" marriage, and of the period when such marriages were not the hackneyed occurrences they have now become. Mrs. Burnett's real name, it may be added, is Mrs. Stephen Townsend, she having married an English gentleman of that name several years ago. Her son Vivian, the original Little Lord Fauntleroy, is now a young man, a graduate of Harvard University. It is said that he inherits his mother's literary gifts and will probably take up literature as a career.

EVER SINCE we read that sweet and delightful story, "Timothy's Quest," Kate Douglas Wiggin has had a high place in our regard, a feeling heightened by her more recent stories chronicling the sayings and doings of the bewitching and irrepressible Penelope in Ireland and elsewhere. Through all of Mrs. Wiggin's writings runs a vein of the most delicious humor, varied now and then, as in "Timothy's Quest," with touches of deep and tender pathos and a genuine sympathy with all things true and beautiful. In her latest novel, "The Diary of a Goose Girl" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), Mrs. Wiggin has found abundant room for the exercise of her special gifts in portraying the adventures and experiences of a vivacious American girl, who runs away from her English lover and takes refuge on a goose farm in a little Sussex village. Here the young lady gives herself up for a time to the life of a "goose girl" and finds therein a vast amount of harmless pleasure, and incidentally learns much of the



MAYTHAM HALL, MRS. BURNETT'S ENGLISH HOME.  
From The Critic

peculiar and amusing traits and characteristics of her feathered charges. It may well be believed that Mrs. Wiggin's evident knowledge and sympathy with child-life shown in her earlier writings comes, in part, from the fact that she has taken a deep interest in kindergarten work and has written much on that subject. She has the credit also of having organized the first free kindergarten for poor children on the Pacific coast. Mrs. Wiggin has been for some years a resident of New York.

MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY is an enthusiastic student of ecclesiastical architecture and she has addressed the Catholic Study Club of Detroit recently, giving reminiscences of English cathedral towns. Miss Crowley has had many invitations to address literary organizations since the publication of "A Daughter of New France," but she devotes a large portion of her time to writing, which in her case means previous exhaustive



MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,  
Author of "The Methods of  
Lady Walderhurst."



LADY WALDERHURST,  
The leading character in Mrs.  
Burnett's new story.

historical research. Her new book, "A Heroine of the Strait," is announced for immediate publication by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

IN AN essay on "The Future of Shakespeare," published fifteen years ago, the late Horace E. Scudder suggested to the student of literature who wished to study the great dramatist and perfect himself in the art of writing a novel at the same time, that he could not do better than take the "Merry Wives of Windsor" and make of it a novel under the title "Anne Page's Lovers." All that he would need to do, it was said, would be to make Anne Page and her experiences the central theme of the novel, throwing Sir John Falstaff and the Merry Wives into the background, treating their adventures and larks as the occasions out of which Anne's opportunities spring. Mr. Scudder's suggestion seems to have borne fruit at last, if we may judge from the announcement of a novel published by Funk & Wagnalls under the title, "The Courtship of Sweet Anne Page," a story which fills a gap in Shakespeare's famous comedy.

IT IS ASTONISHING to note that several leading reviews of Josephine Preston Peabody's "Marlowe" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) will have it that Marlowe kills himself in the tavern brawl of the last act. Some add "according to a popular tradition." If there ever was such a tradition, it does not appear in any of the printed accounts of the death of Marlowe, and it is hard to understand how such an interpretation of the play could have come about. The sudden turn that Marlowe gives the quarrel (for his own purposes) is a part of the plot; this quarrel, unexpectedly to Marlowe, involves Francis Archer, who is here made to play the part of a mere instrument, the element of chance that helps out destiny. To be sure, at the point of actual bloodshed Miss Peabody's stage direction reads, "The crowd closes about," obviously to hide the violence of the action, for "it parts suddenly" to show Archer breathing hard, and Marlowe, wounded, but standing upright, his hand over his eyes before he falls. Later on the Host, piecing out the account of the bystanders to the Watch, says "Twas done with his own dagger," which line may have served to suggest this obscure reading. But the tradition that Archer slew Marlowe with Marlowe's own dagger was one of the most persistent details in differing accounts. In the burial register of the parish church of St. Nicholas Deptford, may still be read the entry: "Christopher Marlowe slain by Francis Archer, the 1 of June, 1593."

KATE UPSON CLARK has for some years been distinguished as an essayist and writer of short stories. Two years ago Messrs. J. F. Taylor & Co. published a volume of her narratives under the title "White Butterflies." This has been so successful that a year ago the same publishers engaged Mrs. Clark to write a novel for them. This is now completed, and after its appearance as a serial will be issued by Taylor & Co. in book form. It is called "Up the Witch Brook Road: A Summer Idyl of the Last Generation." The scene is laid in New England in the time of our grandmothers, and the whole throbs with the spirit of the time and the place. It has body and atmosphere, and the clever mystery which forms the chief "motive" of the tale is admirably sustained. While presenting a sharp and refreshing contrast to the incredible adventure stories lately in vogue, it is full of a naive and romantic fascination, and closes in a satisfactory and yet artistic manner.

MANY FRESH and highly interesting anecdotes of Tennyson appear in a chapter of personal recollections of the laureate contributed to the March Century by Mr. W. G. McCabe. Speaking of Tennyson's own likes and dislikes among authors Mr. McCabe says that the poet held Scott to be the greatest man of letters of the nineteenth century. Milton and Wordsworth he knew apparently by heart, and he was fond of repeating long passages from Burns, after which he would exclaim, "Ah, who writes such poetry nowadays!" Once when the two were talking of battle lyrics Mr. McCabe ventured to praise Campbell's stirring "Battle of the Baltic." "Yes," said Tennyson, "it is fine. But you remember the lines

"By thy wild and stormy steep,  
Elsinore."

Now, there's no 'steep' at Elsinore; the coast there is as flat as your hand." And Mr. McCabe says that having just come back from Denmark, he had to confess that the poet was right. Tennyson, by the way, told his visitor that he "didn't believe all that stuff about Mrs. Carlyle's being so unhappy and Carlyle's being such a selfish tyrant. I was constantly there," he added, "during those years that Froude writes of, and I never saw anything but the greatest affection between them." It is a relief to think that Tennyson had the right of it in this matter and not Froude.

A NEW POLITICAL primer for the city of New York has just been published by the Macmillan Company. And it was made necessary by the changes wrought in the method of governing the metropolis by the charter revision committee and the state Legislature of 1901. Among other changes were the reduction of the term of the mayor and comptroller from four to two years; the mayor's power of removing certain public officials appointed by a mayor was extended from six months to his entire term, and many new departments were created and other important changes made. All this information concerning the government of the city, as well as the system of the state government, is set forth in this little book by Adele M. Fiedle just as simply and clearly as the facts are set forth in the primer of a child at school.

WE MAY not go as far as Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, the translator of "The Argonauts," by Eliza Orzesko (Scribner's Sons), in pronouncing the author as the 'first literary artist among the women of Europe,' but the story is undoubtedly the work of a master hand.

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# How Yale Picks Its Pitchers

By Herbert M. Sedgwick



GARVAN (YALE)  
PITCHING.

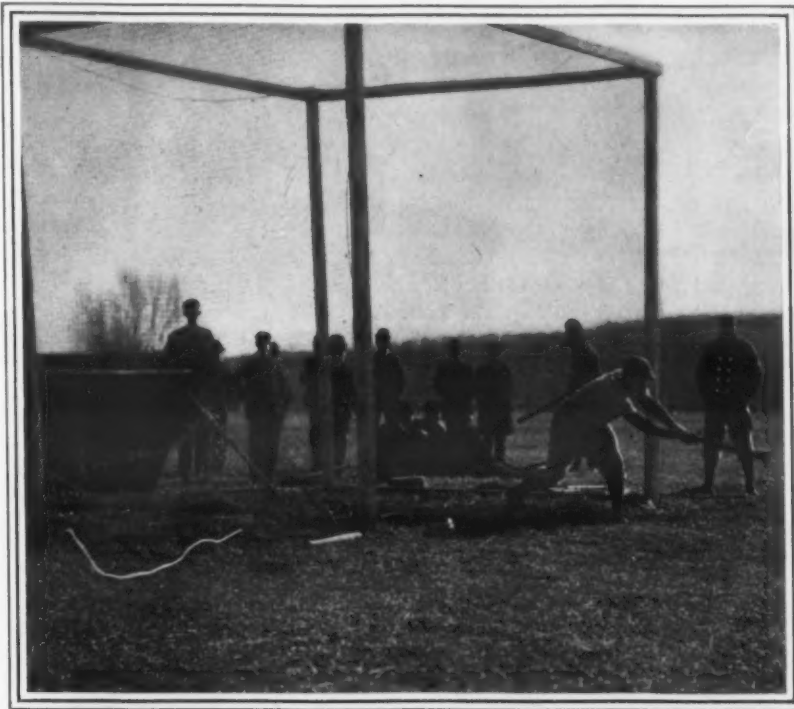
an hour has been spent in coaching the individual players in scientific stick work. Captain Guernsey and Coach Leslie Johnston stand beside the cage and suggest points of improvement to the batsmen. Every pitcher on the squad is employed in tossing over the plate straight, swiftly thrown balls till his arm tells him he has worked long enough for one day. Pitchers as well as batters receive the coaching of Messrs. Johnston and Guernsey. Thus the practice has a double value. From the mass of pitching material two candidates have forged to the front and are now clearly the Yale leaders in the race for the honor of occupying the pitcher's box. They are John Garvan, a 'varsity substitute, and Joe Patton, pitcher for the freshmen nine last season. Garvan's style of delivery is that of Walter Carter, one of Yale's two greatest models. His long-armed curves possess greater angles than those of any pitcher Yale has had since Carter's time. His fault is that he is of a high-strung nervous temperament and a rattling bombardment has been known to make him forget the locality of the home plate.

Patton's delivery is constructed along lines laid down by the other historic Yale model—Stagg. His control of the ball is perfect, the body-motion simple and unaffected, the curves only medium-sized, but tossed by a nerveless athlete who, although only a young campaigner, already bears many marks of resemblance to his model. These are the two trump cards with which Yale hopes to win back the intercollegiate baseball championship, which has not known the New Haven university for four years. Hopes of capturing it again hinge upon an almost perfectly drilled batting team and a brace of young pitchers who have possibilities of arising to any emergency, and who, alternating in the pitching box, by the very dissimilarity of their delivery, should be able to check any opposing nine's batting streak. The batting ability and pitching strength of the Yale team fighting its way through its annual series of Easter games in the South will be tested to the extreme, and some of the unknown possibilities of the team will be established within a week.

Sporting Comment. By George E. Stackhouse.

ALL SPORTS have their followers and "rooters," but all pale into insignificance when the dyed-in-the-wool baseball crank takes the floor. The game to-day is one of the very few professional sports which need no outside features, especially of the betting sort, to hold their popularity. I have seen men wager \$100 on a horse race who would think you crazy if you offered them a bet of \$10 on a ball game. They would rather bet you a new hat, a cigar, or a small bottle. Gambling is hostile to baseball, and it is probably well for the game that it is so. One good result has been accomplished during the winter by the fight in the National League. The trust scheme is dead, and the unpopularity of a few of the club owners has been so clearly illustrated that the game ought to be rid of unsportsmanlike methods, at least for a season

or two. Many of the clubs have already started on their Southern trips. In the colleges, Princeton and Harvard are well satisfied with the work done so far by their teams. With the exception of her third baseman, Yale has a new tear in the field, and Trainer Murphy is a bit solicitous about the result. Still, Yale rounds out a team in good order and her baseball prospects may look much brighter in the near future. Pittsburgh and Brooklyn have the best teams in the National League, and the same can be said in the same order about the American League—Chicago and Boston.



YALE PLAYERS PRACTICING BATTING IN THE CAGE—CAPTAIN GUERNSEY BATTING; COACH JOHNSTON COACHING.

Room-keepers throughout the country report that the past winter has been the liveliest in billiards and pool in several years. Many tournaments have been held and the attendance has been uniformly good. It is a singular thing about billiards that most men reach a certain amount of proficiency with the cue and then stop, and ten years later they will not have improved a particle in their game. The scheme to organize a national association among billiard and pool players and makers seems to be a good one. More uniform rules can be established and enforced and much of the present bickering and undesirable methods done away with.

Wheeling has revived in the East, as was predicted. Palm Sunday witnessed the revival in interest about New York, and old-timers were fairly astounded at the turnout. Not as many wheelmen had been seen in two years on any single day. The revival is appropriate in that just twenty-four years ago the first bicycle run was held in this country. It was a trip made by thirteen wheelmen from Boston to the Chestnut Hill reservoir. Of this thirteen all except C. E. Pratt, the first president of the League of American Wheelmen, who died recently, are well and hardy men to-day, and all ride a bicycle regularly.

## Sporting Queries Answered.

JAMES NEWELL, NEWARK, N. J.—Thomas E. Burns, the ball player who died recently, was the Burns who covered third base for Chicago several years ago, and not the Thomas Burns who played on the Brooklyn Club.

J. S. BRANCH, MARBETVILLE, N. Y.—In a game of draw poker each player has his way in turn. If a player posts his bet ahead of his turn he can withdraw it if the other insists that it is his play and he wishes to raise the pot.

JAMES E. WOLFF, CHICAGO.—The list price of the automobile you ask about is \$800. Of the bicycle, the roadster is listed at \$50 and the chainless at \$75. A coaster brake generally costs a purchaser an additional \$5.

FRANK J. HARLOW, SAN FRANCISCO.—I have made inquiries of members of the Metropolitan Turf Association regarding the men you mention. The association numbers among its members most of the prominent bookmakers in the East. The parties referred to in New York are not known to them. They have heard of the Cincinnati man, but decline to either recommend or decry his reputation. Future betting is an expensive pastime at the best. G. E. S.



LITTLEFIELD BATTING IN THE CAGE.

## For Dyspepsia

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Dr. T. H. ANDREWS, late of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "A wonderful remedy which gave me most gratifying results in the worst forms of dyspepsia."

## Eminent Physicians

are eagerly studying the problem of baby feeding. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is recommended by the leading family physicians. It is always safe and reliable. Send 10c. for "Baby's Diary," 71 Hudson St., N. Y.

## A Fight On.

WHEN YOU TELL PEOPLE TO QUIT COFFEE.

"AT LEAST 75 people among my acquaintances have been helped or cured by leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee in its place," writes a little woman from Independence, Ia. "I will mention one case, Miss Cora —. I learned she was suffering from nervousness and constipation and went to call on her. Found her in bed, and she looked like a living skeleton, so wild and haggard that I feared for her reason.

"I asked Cora if she was improving any. She said not, but was gradually growing worse. The doctor was coming twice a day and giving her a powerful nerve. She said, 'I am so miserable that I tell you privately if I don't get better soon I will end it all myself some day.' I told her not to talk that way, for I believed it was something she ate or drank that caused the trouble and she might get well by making a change in her diet. I told her my own experience in leaving off coffee when I was in almost as bad a shape as she, but as soon as I mentioned coffee I had a fight on my hands, for she insisted that coffee helped her and her mother backed her in it, saying that it was 'the only thing she did enjoy' and 'she did not believe coffee hurt any one.'

"I talked with them a long time and finally got Cora to agree to let me make a cup of Postum Food Coffee for her supper. She was surprised that it was so good. Said she 'had heard it was terrible wishy-washy stuff.' I told her it was because they did not follow directions in boiling it enough. She promised to use it faithfully for two or three weeks, and if she was not better I would admit that I was wrong.

"I went to see her again in about ten days and Cora met me at the door with a smile and said, 'Ada, your Doctor Postum is the best doctor of them all. I can sleep all night, can eat heartily, and am growing stronger every day. Ma and all the rest of us use Postum now in place of coffee.'

"The facts are the girl was being actually poisoned to death by coffee. Cora has since married and has a happy home and you may depend upon it no coffee is allowed to enter there." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

## In Quaint Old Charleston.

ONE OF the most interesting features for those who visit the West Indian Exposition at Charleston, S. C., is the old city of Charleston itself, for it is one of the most quaint and picturesque in all the South. There are old colonial homes filled with the most interesting of antiques, furniture and other furnishings of the old Revolutionary times. Charleston retains even yet many of the manners and quaint customs of one hundred years ago. Besides this picturesqueness of the old city, there are within its limits many things of great historic prominence. The beauty, quaintness, and historic interest of Charleston have made it a fashionable place for visitors. It is strange that in the midst of all this old-fashioned quaintness there should be a thoroughly up-to-date and modern hotel like the St. John at Charleston. For those who visit the sites of the olden times the hotel furnishes all the modern comforts. It has 175 guest rooms, public and private baths, ball and banquet hall, a number of private dining-rooms, and all the other conveniences of the hotel of to-day. It was opened the sixth of last January.

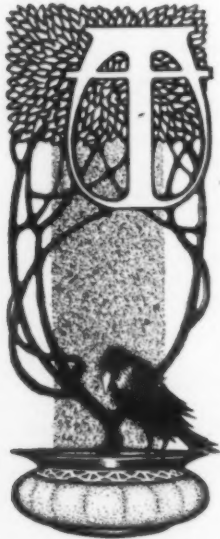


VIEW OF DINING-ROOM IN ST. JOHN HOTEL, CHARLESTON, S. C.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF ST. JOHN HOTEL, CHARLESTON, S. C.





THE CRY of humanity is to save human life. The world is just beginning to learn that prevention is better than medicine, and cheaper. We live in an age of performance, and its noblest achievements affect the uplifting of humanity and the saving of human life. In every field of endeavor, in every profession and walk of life, the world is looking for something new, and so development of human skill and applied science is of great interest to all the human race. Human interest naturally centres in the preservation of life and health. The care of ourselves and of our children, the sanitation of our cities and our homes, are becoming the first considerations. Scientists are pointing out the fact that not medicines but a proper dietary, pure water, personal cleanliness, and perfect sanitation are what make and keep us well. It is fortunate that at this time comes the discovery that by the application of scientific principles and the manufacture of so common an article of domestic consumption as soap, both health and cleanliness have been provided. This is no experiment.

### An Admirable Principle.

THE PRACTICAL and successful application of this new and admirable principle in soap manufacture has been such a success that it is attracting widespread attention. Some of the most common inventions have been, after all, the most striking in their beneficial results, and the discovery that a potent disinfectant could be so scientifically intermingled with a cleansing soap that wherever and whenever used it would destroy the germs of infectious diseases, bids fair to become one of permanent and far-reaching effect.

We find contagion on every hand. It is in the dust of the streets, in the air of poorly ventilated cars, schools, theatres, concert halls, and other public places. Exposure confronts ourselves and our children on every hand, and the only preventive of disease is found in the destroying and rendering innocuous the infinitesimal breeders and carriers of contagion. That is precisely what Lifebuoy Soap is doing, and those who use it freely protect themselves against the germs of diphtheria, small-pox, cholera, typhoid, scarlet fever, and other diseases of infection.

### Worthy Recognition.

THEREFORE, it is but natural that soap of this kind is used to a large extent in institutions where many persons are gathered together, hospitals, homes for children, public nurseries, etc., for in such places as these is contagion most dangerous. Those who have learned its value in the destruction of the germs of disease in institutions of this sort have not hesitated to express their approval of Lifebuoy Soap. The Matron of the Nurses' Home, of Springfield, Mass., is using Lifebuoy Soap and considers it the best antiseptic soap on the market. This is only an example of the public benefit which comes from the application of a scientific discovery. In another institution where many babies are assembled

this disinfectant soap is peculiarly effective, for in keeping the home and the clothing and the skins of the little ones clean, and in killing the germs of disease, the possibility is removed of any of the skin eruptions which are a torture and a persecution to the little children. All well-kept hospitals are conspicuous by the cleanliness which prevails within their doors. The floors, the walls, the furniture, all the utensils glisten with thorough scrubbing. The air is laden with mild forms of disinfectants. The caps and aprons of the nurses are spotless. This undeniable atmosphere of cleanliness is evidence of a very significant fact—that health and filth cannot go hand in hand, that one of the necessary adjuncts for the cure of disease is thorough cleanliness.

### Exceptional Qualities.

AND BECAUSE of the combination of cleansing qualities and disinfectant properties which it possesses, Lifebuoy Soap is used in these refuges for the sick. The scrupulous cleanliness of the best hospitals is evidence that the surgeons and physicians who are foremost in the healing of the sick appreciate more than any one else that convalescence cannot thrive in dirt, for filth and health are enemies.

The very first treatment which the physician gives toward the healing of a disease is that which will produce cleanliness. If the affliction is a wound, it is first of all washed clean by the surgeon. The surgeon himself is constantly menaced by the danger of blood poisoning from a scratch or cut made while he is operating on a patient. Yet successful surgeons have said that this danger may be reduced to a minimum by keeping all the surgical instruments absolutely clean. It only illustrates further the necessity of freedom from filth. If every person practiced the religion of cleanliness as wisely and as thoroughly as the physicians do, there wouldn't be occupation for as many physicians as there is. But it is necessary to obtain thorough cleanliness—half-way practice will not bring results.

It is a well-recognized axiom that merit wins, that established and permanent success comes only to those who have actual merit in that which they promulgate. The disinfectant quality of Lifebuoy Soap, which makes it a practical benefit to mankind, is the quality which has made its production one of the large industries of the country. The works of the manufacturers of the soap are in Boston and Philadelphia. In Boston, the buildings of the factory occupy a full city block, and in Philadelphia a full half block is covered by the works. The necessity of such enormous plants comes only from the demand for the product, and this demand would not exist, and constantly grow, as it does, were it not for the real merit that the product possesses. In short, Lifebuoy Soap does what is claimed for it, and people, knowing this, use it constantly.

But aside from this fact of the great consumption of the soap, which is such good and indisputable evidence of its intrinsic merit, the same fact has been demonstrated scientifically.

### Absolute Destruction.

JOSEPH MCFARLAND, M. D., that well-known professor of pathology and bacteriology of the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia, made a bacteriological study of Lifebuoy Soap, and this is his report:

"In five per cent. aqueous solution we find that it destroys the micro-organisms of Typhoid Fever, Cholera,

and Diphtheria in about five minutes. The majority of non-sporulating micro-organisms, such as cocci of suppuration and the ordinary bacteria of water, are destroyed in from five to ten minutes."

So here is a common, every-day commodity, a soap that costs five cents the cake, which possesses the constituents that will prevent those infectious diseases which seem to be most cruel, because they invade the fireside and snatch from the arms of mothers the little children who are so dear to them.

### Daily Opportunities.

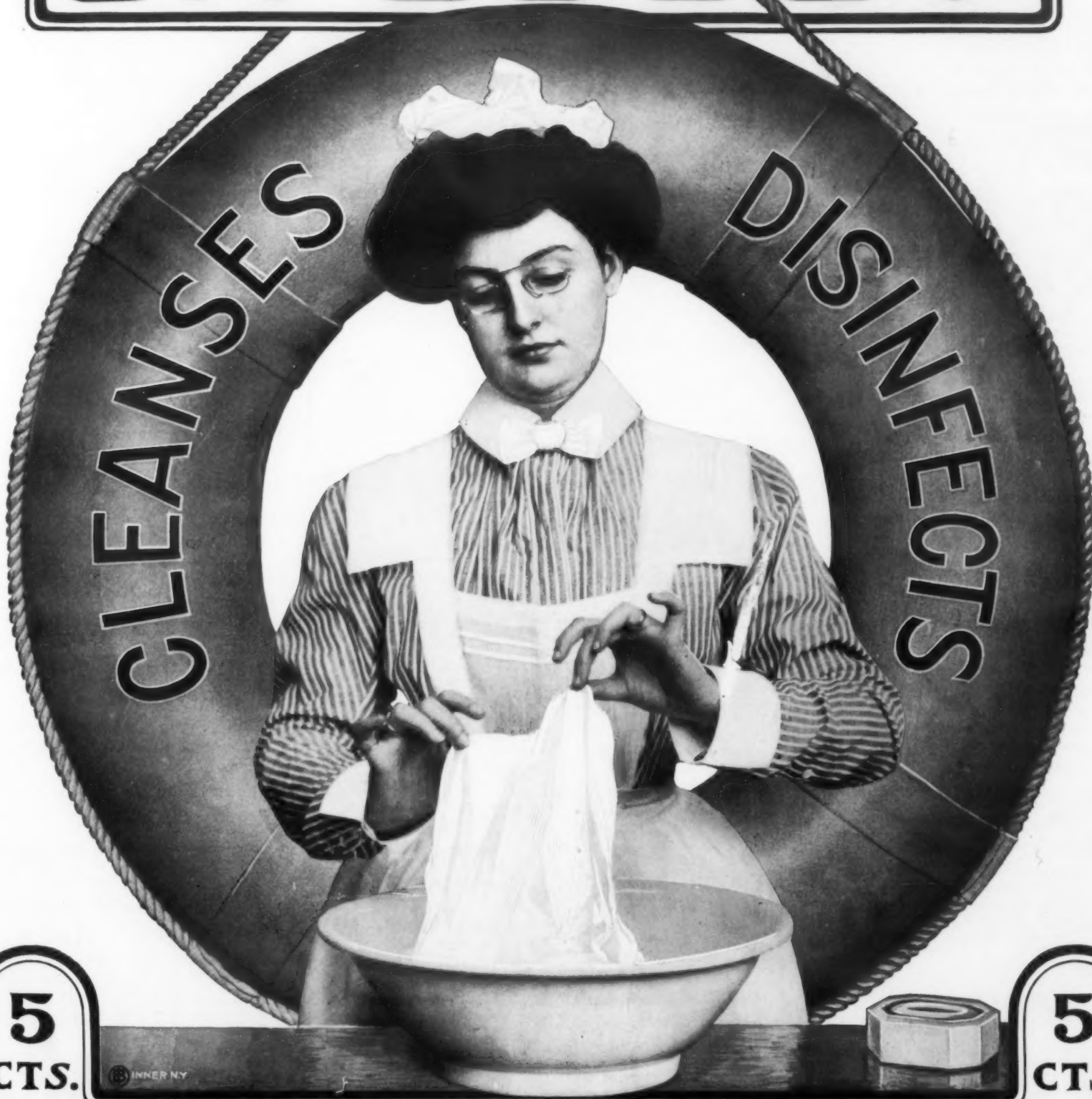
IN THE many functions of the household there are opportunities for the breeding and the spread of disease unless absolute cleanliness is preserved. The germs of disease increase with remarkable rapidity, reproducing by unseen millions wherever dirt or filth is found. Uncleanly homes furnish opportunity for germs in filthy sinks, ill-ventilated ice-boxes, dirty boards, musty cupboards. Here are bred the dangerous bacilli, and here lurks putrefaction, but these germs will never exist where there is absolute cleanliness, such as is obtained by the disinfectant quality that is in Lifebuoy Soap, for the careful experiments of scientific men, such as that quoted above, show that this soap will kill all seeds of disease and that its use will destroy infection. In the other departments of the household the soap has the same humanitarian uses. One of the many persons who have testified to benefits received from the use of Lifebuoy Soap is Dr. C. C. Burpee, of Malden, Mass., who states that the soap was especially useful in all infectious diseases, for washing the bed linen, and for the cleansing of infants' napkins, etc.; and, further, that the use of an antiseptic like Lifebuoy Soap cannot be too generally employed.

### A Public Benefactor.

IT IS astounding to know the number of diseases which are simply the result of uncleanness. To this cause may be attributed many of the painful and annoying eruptions of the skin. Here, again, is cleanliness, the plentiful use of soap and water, a preventive of disease. Thus, by keeping things clean, by preventing the existence of the germs of contagion, by warding off bad health, this common article of soap becomes a philanthropist. It is a hackneyed expression, but nevertheless true, that there is no happiness without health. Nothing can make the man happy who is in pain. His one great desire is to be free from that pain—that before anything else. Pain comes from disease, disease may be prevented by cleanliness, and absolute cleanliness may be obtained by the use of Lifebuoy Soap. Thus, the logical conclusion is that this soap is by all means a direct public benefactor. It is appropriate that the name of the soap should be "Lifebuoy," because the word is at once suggestive of the life-saver. If used, and used in time, it will remove the possibility of typhoid, diphtheria, cholera, small-pox, and other deadly and insidious diseases. The sailor who plunges into the surf and drags a drowning person from a watery grave is given praise, which he deserves, and is adorned with medals for his bravery. Lifebuoy Soap, by driving away the deadly threatening disease, becomes ten thousand times a life-saver. Thus, by the increase in the use of a soap that not only makes clean, but destroys disease as well, should come a new era in the life of the human race, an era that is marked by freedom from sickness, by the existence of fresh and rugged health of men, women, and children. And, by establishing the better health, the effectiveness of the race in all the walks of life is increased, and the world becomes cleaner, nobler, and better.



# LIFEBUOY



**5**  
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**Health and Cleanliness Go Hand in Hand where Lifebuoy Soap Is Used**

**"I am using Lifebuoy Soap in the Nurses' Home, and have used it in my family for years. I consider it the best antiseptic soap on the market."**

ELIZABETH C. HOWLAND (Matron Nurses' Home), 18 Park Avenue, Springfield, Mass.

**AT YOUR  
DEALERS**

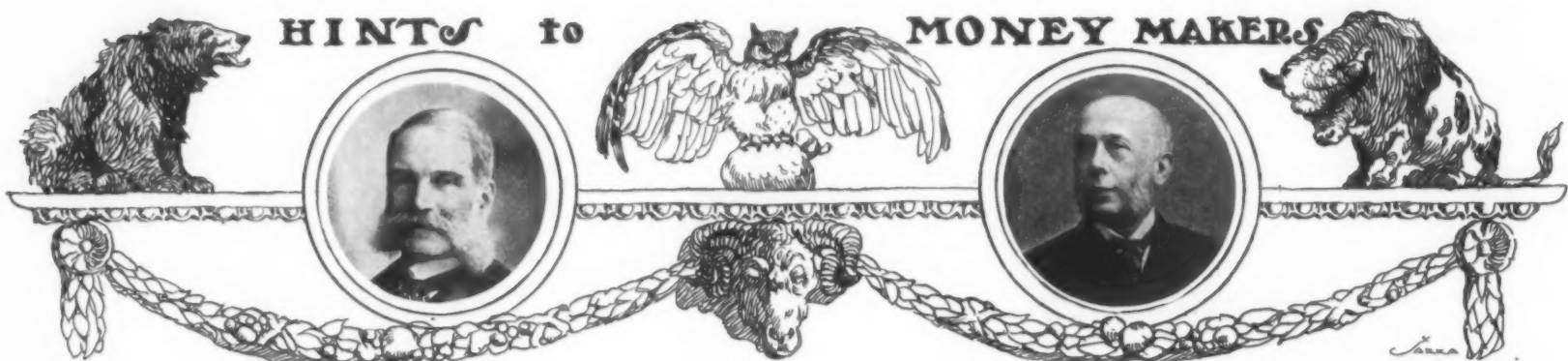
Trial carton of two cakes of Lifebuoy Soap by mail, 10 cents, if dealer cannot supply you. Mention Leslie's Weekly. Costs us 13 cents alone for postage, hence soap free. Money refunded to anyone finding cause for complaint. Valuable booklet for the asking.

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F. R. COUDERT.—Dupont.

**NOTICE.**—This department is intended for the information of the regular readers of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. Correspondents should always inclose a stamp, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. Inquiries should refer only to matters directly connected with Wall Street interests. Subscribers to *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* at the home office, at regular subscription rates, namely, \$4 per annum, are placed on a preferred list, which entitles them, in emergencies, to answers by mail or telegraph.

A NUMBER of inquirers want to know what the situation of the shareholders in the Steel Trust will be if \$250,000,000 is added to the bonded debt to retire \$200,000,000 of seven per cent. preferred stock. The situation will be that the bondholders will have the prior lien on the property. The three hundred millions of bonds paid to Mr. Carnegie will constitute the first lien, and the new issue of \$250,000,000 will constitute the second. The preferred shareholders will come next, and for this reason many of them will no doubt be willing to sacrifice their 7 per cent. cumulative stock for a 5 per cent. bond having a prior lien. The holders of the common stock may suck their thumbs and derive what consolation they can from the fact that there will be a small additional surplus secured by the substitution of the 5 per cent. bonds for the 7 per cent. stock, and that this may possibly aid in the maintenance of the dividends on the common

shares. They can also contemplate, with such satisfaction as they may derive from the circumstance, that if Mr. Carnegie's bonds, or the second mortgage, should be foreclosed, the common stock would be practically wiped out; possibly the preferred also. What would happen to Wall Street in that event, the readers of the story of the South Sea Bubble may be in a frame of mind to imagine.

The long-promised era of cheap money has not yet begun. We were told that money would be plentiful after the first of January, yet the banks are asking over 4 per cent. on three and six months' loans. Now we are told that April will witness a plethora of funds. Possibly it may. Stagnation in Wall Street sometimes helps to keep money cheap and rates of interest low. Usually, Wall Street is in an anticipatory, expectant, and hopeful mood in May and June, but so many syndicates are overloaded with obligations, so much money is tied up in combinations that find it difficult to unload, that we may have no plethora of funds until the arrival of the dog days. Yet there are those who see nothing but a rosy light ahead from this time on. They find prosperous conditions everywhere, notwithstanding that the chief of the Bureau of Foreign Commerce has recently pointed out that the American invasion of Europe has apparently been checked, as the decrease in the volume of our exports distinctly discloses, thus emphasizing the opinion of the London Times, early in the year, that we may have reached the top of the wave of our commercial prosperity.

The whole world needs money and it looks as if more would be required, if reports of a Russian railway loan of \$100,000,000 and a new British war loan of \$200,000,000 are confirmed. It is no secret that our bankers and Wall Street financiers obtained a good deal of cash abroad last year, and that much of this has had to be repaid. Nor is it a secret that the financing of new enterprises, and the marketing of new issues of bonds and securities to an enormous aggregate, have utilized very much of the speculative and investment capital of the country. I said at the beginning of the year that this was to be a bear year, and I have not changed my mind. We may have some bright, sunny days, but we cannot escape the stress of stormy weather.

"R." Baltimore: Answered by mail.  
 "A. H. H." Philadelphia: Will make inquiries.  
 "D." Vermont: It is a speculation, and not an investment.  
 "A. R. M." Philadelphia: I will investigate and report.  
 "T." Evansville, Ind.: I would not advise its purchase.  
 "F. A. S." Brooklyn: I thank you for the information. The property seems to have merit.  
 "F." Salem, Mass.: I would have nothing to do with the wireless telegraph company to which you refer.  
 "O." Stamford, Conn.: I have not been able to obtain sufficient facts to justify an answer in the affirmative. No stamp.  
 "G." New Jersey: (1) I have asked for a report from the company, but a satisfactory one has not been given me. (2) Yes.  
 "M." Woodstock, Vt.: I endeavored to obtain information regarding the Randall Synthetical Coal Co., but was told that the officers were in Canada.  
 "B." Grand Island, Neb.: I do not believe that any firm of high standing and reputation would make such promises, and I would deal with no others.  
 "K." Lexington, Ky.: Compared with other industrial common shares, even if it were a non-dividend payer, American Ice has looked reasonably cheap.

"R." Baltimore: The so-called mercantile agency has no rating, and I think its purpose is to furnish satisfactory reports to those who are connected with its schemes.  
 "M." Indianapolis, and "G. L. B." Columbus, O.: I was informed at the office of the American Consolidated Copper Mining Co. that its representatives were out of the city. I can therefore give you no information.  
 "A. Lamb." Waterbury, Conn.: Thank you for your information concerning Mr. Logan and the Greene Con. Copper Co. The management of the latter has evidently not been as efficient always as it should have been.

"B." Wallingford, Conn.: I still believe it inadvisable to risk money, safely drawing interest in savings-banks, in purely speculative enterprises, although the proposition to which you refer has some attractive features.  
 "S." Memphis, Tenn.: Reports have been current, of late, of an advance in Chicago Union Traction. It is a local street-car system, now being reorganized by strong financiers. It is a fair speculation, if all that I am told is true.

"U. S." Cincinnati: (1) They have no right to make such a reference. I have asked for a

statement from the company and it has not been sent me. (2) It is a speculation and not an investment. The property is well located.

"C." Wilcox, Ariz.: The Mining and Engineering Review and Electrician, of San Francisco, the American Mining News, and the Engineering and Mining Journal, of New York.

"Apollo." Pennsylvania: I have several inquiries regarding the Standard Lead and Smelting Co. Its president is a newspaper man of excellent standing, but the prospectus seems to promise almost too much. I regard it as speculative.

"L." Elmira, N. Y.: The Storey Cotton Company, of Philadelphia, promises a good deal more to its clients than I think prudence warrants. The concern has a paid-up capital of \$100,000, and claims to have a surplus of \$27,000. This is not very large, if its business amounts to much in a speculative way.

"D. G." Philadelphia: (1) The brokers have no rating. (2) The smelting company to which you refer has as its president a well-known western newspaper man, but its success will depend on future developments. It is somewhat overcapitalized, but offers a fair mining speculation. I do not regard it as an investment.

"W." New York: (1) Rated high. (2) No industrial shares are regarded strictly as investments, but American Ice preferred, if the statements of its earnings are reliable, seems to be as reasonable as any of the kind. (3) I do not advise speculation in U. S. Steel common. I do not regard the preferred as a good investment. I mean for a long pull, for reasons I have frequently pointed out in this department.

"W. I." N. Y.: Check received. You are on my preferred list for one year. (1) Ontario & Western is one of the smaller of the anthracite coal roads, and eventually should profit by the friendly combination of coal interests organized during the past year. The threatened strike of the miners put a damper on all the coal shares, including Reading and Erie. I would not sacrifice my stock at present.

"B." Washington, D. C.: The real estate company to which you refer made a good report of its financial situation on the first of January, but so did another similar concern which recently disclosed a large deficit. Institutions of this character, whose shares are not dealt in on the stock exchange, must depend for success upon the integrity and skill with which they are conducted. It is obviously impossible for an outsider to learn their real condition.

"L. P." New Orleans: (1) The regular quarterly dividend of 14 per cent. on American Ice preferred, payable April 15th, has been declared. What will be done with the dividend on the common stock will be known at the next monthly meeting. (2) There are indications of a halt in the pressing demands for iron and steel in some departments. (3) Keep your United States Express stock tight.

"Inquirer." Jacksonville, Fla.: The compromise with the anthracite coal miners by no means settles anything. It puts off the trouble until the first of May, when the companies will be better prepared to meet a strike, in view of approaching warm weather. I have doubts if the demands of the miners will be conceded any more readily a month from now than at present. If you have a good profit in your coal shares it would be well to take it, for if a strike occurs they may suffer.

"H." Haverhill, Mass.: No statement can be obtained regarding the affairs of the Colonia Oil Co., as its officers say it is now in its construction period and is only building its first refinery. It seems to me that they claim too much for their new process, when they say it will produce from the heavy Texas oil a more valuable lubricant and illuminant than the petroleum of Pennsylvania and the western states. I do not advise the purchase of the shares, under existing circumstances.

"Beginner." Akron, O.: (1) Would not buy it at present. (2) American Ice common has been selling very low recently, as compared with other industrial common shares. It ought to furnish a good opportunity for speculative trading. (3) Atchison is in the hands of skillful traders, but I have thought it was selling for about all it was worth. (4) Wabash preferred ought to profit by the extension of the system, and by the proposed plan of reorganization, which probably will include a scaling down of the interest charges.

"G." St. Louis: (1) They are not rated. (2) If you had read this column you would know I cannot repeat from week to week. (3) The Union Bag reports increased earnings, but we must take the statement of its officers for it, as the public is not in their confidence. (4) If Atchison is doing so well, why did it recently have to borrow so much money? (5) If the ship-subsidy bill passes, Pacific Mail ought to benefit. (6) Highly speculative. You can do better. (7) Do not believe in the concern. (8) Too early to decide. Plans not fully disclosed.

Continued on opposite page

THE United States Electric Clock Company have recently moved into new and larger quarters at 407 Broome Street, New York. The company is making rapid progress, having placed orders for new machinery used in their work, and also intend to make their own cases hereafter, thus saving for their stockholders the profit on that branch of the business. The company will issue during April a handsome new catalogue and price-list. Until this catalogue is published they will continue to receive subscriptions to their stock at present rate of six dollars per share. Just as soon as the new catalogue is issued, the price of stock will be advanced to par—ten dollars per share. The company is rapidly getting into effective working condition, and doubtless will make an excellent record for itself.

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**THE HENGEN INVESTMENT COMPANY**  
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## Hints to Money-makers.

Continued from preceding page.

"W." Oswego, N. Y.: An experiment so far.  
 "E." Pittsford Mills, Vt.: I would be inclined to hold for the present.

"H. F. L." Providence, R. I.: Would not advise the purchase of either.  
 "T. G. H." Danville, Quebec: It is purely a speculation and is still in the experimental stage.

"A. R. M." Philadelphia: Your name personally should be on our subscription books to entitle you to answers by mail or telegraph.  
 "F. L." Newark, N. J.: I do not recommend the purchase of Olympic mining shares. I cannot corroborate the statements made in the circular you submit.

"R." Fort Lee, N. J.: I am glad you have a profit in your Monon. I am told that its earnings justify a further advance. If you bought it outright and can hold it, it might be well to await developments, but a profit is usually a good thing to take.

"H." Hiram, O.: (1) I can obtain no quotation, as no sales are reported. Write to Spencer Trask & Co., 27 Pine Street; Hurlbutt, Hatch & Co., 71 Broadway, or Rhoades & Richmond, 20 Broad Street. (2) The promoters of the Black Diamond Copper Mining Company, of New Mexico, make glowing reports of its prospects, which, up to this time, I have not been able to verify.

"Worker," Jacksonville, Fla.: (1) I hear good reports of Otis Elevator stock, and am told that the common, now selling around 30, ought to be on a dividend-paying basis within a year. (2) The new quotation on Anaconda represents the price of four of the shares. Under the new Stock Exchange rule, shares of the par value of \$25 are now quoted on the basis of four shares, that is, on the basis of \$100 par value. This explains the apparent sudden jump in the price of Anaconda. (3) I regard United States Leather preferred as an excellent speculation and a very fair investment.

"H." Indianapolis: The trouble with the Evansville & Terre Haute shares was the disclosure that \$2,000,000 of the stock of the Evansville & Indianapolis Railroad, which was carried among the assets of the Evansville & Terre Haute, at par value, was a burden to the concern, inasmuch as it was causing a deficit each year, rather than a profit. It scarcely seems possible that the managers of the property were not aware of this fact, and the general impression on the Street is that the disclosures were made for the purpose of depressing the shares, in order to buy them in advantageously.

"H." Denver: (1) The Colorado & Southern

has fallen into the hands of President Hawley, of the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway, and other able railway men, who may be able to utilize it advantageously in connection with some possible new combination of railway interests. The road is heavily capitalized, and, on the basis of its present earnings, shows very little for the common stock. (2) The Wabash B Debentures are entitled to 6 per cent. interest, if earned. The A's, which are ahead of them, amount to only \$3,500,000, and the interest on them has been earned and paid. It is said that the surplus income of the road last year was sufficient to pay interest on the B Debentures.

"S." Madison, Wis.: The Green Bay and Western B Debentures, it must be borne in mind, come after the stock. Last year, 4 per cent. was paid on Debenture A's, but there are only \$600,000 of these, and 4 per cent. was also paid on the \$2,500,000 of stock. The B Debentures come next, and amount to \$7,000,000. The surplus revenue applicable to the payment of interest on these, last year, was about \$28,000. Unless somebody is buying the B Debentures to secure control, the earnings do not justify their price, but they are a good speculative bond. Many speculators prefer to deal in low-priced bonds rather than in low-priced shares.

"P." Peoria, Ill.: (1) The general increase in wages of railway employees and those in our largest cotton and iron mills reveals the unrest of labor and emphasizes the fear of strikes in other directions. A leading coal operator tells me the demands of the coal miners will not be recognized on the first of May, and that the latter will either have to yield or fight. (2) Some stocks are very much higher now than they were a year ago. All the express stocks, for instance, are from 28 to 52 points higher. Chicago & Northwest, Chicago & Eastern Illinois, Colorado Fuel, and Rock Island, are all from 40 to 50 points higher. It will be the more difficult, therefore, to start a new bull movement at this time. (3) The bears look for lower prices because of the conceded facts that many industrials and some of the railroads are greatly over-capitalized, that credits have been unduly extended in all directions, that in some lines of trade over-production is noticeable, and that we are in an inflation period, to which there is always a disastrous climax.

April 3, 1902.

JAPER

The man who borrows money borrows trouble. The man who lends money doesn't need to borrow trouble.

## Making Railroad Travel Safer.

WHILE THE desire of the traveling public for rapid methods of transportation over land and sea seems to grow, like other appetites, by what it feeds upon, it is not accompanied by any apparent diminution of the demands on the part of the same public for all possible safeguards and guarantees of security to life and limb as they fly to and fro over the earth. Between these two demands, of rapidity on the one hand and security on the other, a wide and fruitful field seems to be open for inventive genius in devising new and improved safety appliances. A device of this kind of a novel and promising sort was that recently tried on a railroad running out of Chicago. It consisted of an exceedingly powerful headlight, which not only illuminated the track with a brilliant shaft of

light for a distance of a mile, but also had the valuable feature of throwing a beam of light of almost equal brilliancy upward about seven hundred feet, which could be seen ten miles distant. It will be possible, it is asserted, with this device for approaching trains absolutely to locate each other by this vertical shaft of light, though miles apart, and it is this feature which railroad officials claim will eliminate the possibility of collision. While this contrivance may have all the virtues claimed for it, one improvement may be made in all railway coaches themselves in which no exercise of inventive genius is required. This consists in building the coaches, and particularly the mail-car, of stronger and better material, as Pullmans are made. Were such methods of construction generally followed the danger of disasters would be immeasurably reduced.



ALBERT VERNON.

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## CHOICE OF SUBJECTS

**SUNSHINE AND SHADOW**—By Marcus Stone. The picture shown in our illustration is an exquisite reproduction of the original painting worth many thousands of dollars. In the foreground stands a workman in rough clothes just taking from the arms of his wife their happy child—the "Sunshine." Beyond this group is a glimpse of a handsome, rich estate, and the single figure of a woman standing alone in widow's mourning—her childless, lonely life typifying the second half of the title.

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## Life-insurance Suggestions.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the  
information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No  
charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding  
life-insurance matters, and communications are  
treated confidentially. A stamp should always be  
inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed  
advisable.]

DURING THE past year or two I have  
received a number of inquiries regard-  
ing a sort of diamond insurance scheme,  
and also several mutual investment schemes  
that were said to be better than any plan of  
life insurance. I warned my readers against  
all such enterprises, and I am not surprised  
to find it reported from Minneapolis that  
the courts have dissolved the Tontine Sav-  
ings Association, which was responsible for  
the so-called "diamond contract" plan,  
and have appointed a receiver for whatever  
was left of its effects. Dispatches from Ken-  
tucky also report that the Mutual and Indus-  
trial Mutual investment companies have been  
put in the hands of a receiver, after millions  
of dollars had been lost in these enterprises,  
which promised to give three or four dol-  
lars for one. These are not new fakes.  
Similar ones are being developed all the  
while, and the newspapers are constantly  
warning their readers against them. Is it  
possible that the people do not read, or is it  
a fact that they do not remember? Let  
me repeat what I have said so often before,  
viz., that if a man wants life insurance he  
should take it straight, unmixed with "dia-  
mond," "investment," or other schemes,  
and he should put his money only in the  
hands of men who have been in the business  
for a long time—long enough to have proved  
their ability and their integrity.

Nowadays life insurance is not a game  
in which one must die to win. A fifteen  
or twenty-year endowment policy gives  
to the insured, if he survives, the full  
face of the policy in cash, and something  
beside, to represent interest on his invest-  
ment. Meanwhile, if death should take  
him off suddenly at any time during the  
insured period, the face of the policy goes  
at once to his family. Who is there who  
cannot make some such provision for his  
loved ones? It is the unexpected that al-  
ways happens.

"F. E. C." Simcoe: It is one of the smallest  
companies, and by no means one of the strongest.  
"Worker," Pittsburg, Penn.: I certainly would  
abandon my assessment insurance and take out  
policies in the strongest old-line companies I could  
find. Fortunately, you have not spent much money  
on the fraternal orders, and you are a good risk, I  
take it.

"V." Vermont: (1) A higher tax was imposed  
simply because it was the uniform tax levied on all  
corporations of that character. (2) The North-  
western Mutual is a strong company, but it is not  
as large as either one of the three great New York  
companies.

"H." Cornwall-on-Hudson: (1) Either one of the  
endowment policies you mention will practically  
give you the same result, and cost you about the  
same. There is little choice among them, but my  
preference would be one of the New York com-  
panies. All of them are safe. The agent of the  
Western company gives you only his side of the  
case. What was paid last year is no criterion of  
what will be paid twenty years from now. The  
truth is that the dividends in his company are de-  
clining. (2) At your age, a 25-year endowment  
would be quite as satisfactory and somewhat less  
expensive.

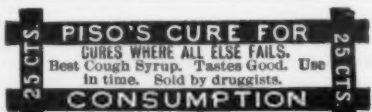
## The Hermit.

Use BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTI-  
FRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.

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variety of instruments—square, upright, and grand—  
and are constantly striving to meet every demand.  
Their success has been phenomenal.

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ING SYRUP should always be used for children teething.  
It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain,  
cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

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Famous  
for its  
Lather

"The Only Kind  
that Won't Dry  
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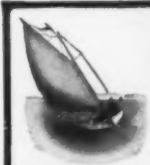
## Do You Shave?

Do you find it easy or hard? Is it a pleasure, or is  
it painful and irksome? The answer depends on the  
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Soap softens the beard, as no other will, soothes and  
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luxury and safety.

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Round-trip tickets at greatly reduced  
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Will sell Colonist tickets, months of  
March and April, New York to California,  
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Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays; Wash-  
ington, D. C., to San Francisco without  
change. Berth rates, Washington, D. C.,  
to San Francisco, \$7.00.

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From Washington, D. C., to Dallas,  
Texas, and return, \$29.35, on account of  
the Confederate Reunion. Tickets on sale  
April 18th to 20th, with final limit May 2d.  
By deposit of ticket with joint agent, Dallas,  
Texas, on or before April 30th, and the  
payment of fee, fifty cents, an extension  
may be obtained to May 15th, 1902.

Asheville, N. C.

One fare round trip, account Southern  
Baptist Convention; Washington to Ashe-  
ville and return, \$14.95. Tickets on sale  
May 6th to 10th, good to return until May  
21st, except that by deposit of tickets with  
joint agent at Asheville on or before May  
15th and payment of fifty cents, an exten-  
sion to not later than June 2d, 1902, may be  
obtained.

Jackson, Miss.

One fare round trip, account of the annual  
meeting General Assembly Presbyterian  
Church; Washington to Jackson and re-  
turn, \$26.50. Tickets on sale May 12th,  
13th and 14th, with final limit May 30th,  
1902.

Chattanooga, Tenn.

One fare round trip, plus \$2.00 member-  
ship fee. Tickets on sale June 27th to July  
1st, with final limit July 6th, except that  
by deposit of ticket with joint agent on or  
before July 6th and payment of fee of fifty  
cents, an extension will be made to not  
later than September 10th, 1902.

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## Aided Miss Stone to Freedom



MR. W. W. PEET,  
Who delivered Miss Stone's  
ransom to the brigands.

IN THE case of Miss Ellen M. Stone, the released captive, much has been written concerning the final diplomacy and the payment of the ransom. The central figure in this phase of the case has been William Wheelock Peet, the treasurer of all the Turkish missions of the American Board, which include the European Turkey mission, the central

and at the scene of action Mr. Peet has declined large salaries in this country, that he might continue to serve in missionary work.

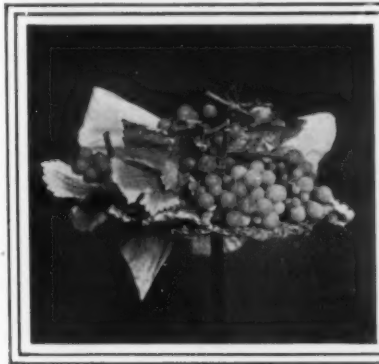
The missionary of the American Board in Turkey who sent the original cablegram announcing the capture of Miss Stone by brigands was the Rev John Henry House. From the beginning to the end of the negotiations for her ransom he has been a leading diplomat and agent. He was the missionary who sent the last cablegram in the case, announcing her release, although it reached this country signed by the Rev. Edwin B. Haskell, who was the son of an American missionary, born in Philippopolis, Bulgaria. His education was obtained in this country, and he is a graduate of Oberlin Theological Seminary. The "coach" containing the ransom money, under the care of William W. Peete and the Rev. J. H. House, was side-tracked at Demér Hissár (a half hour's railway ride beyond Serres) on Thursday, January 23d. It was guarded by Americans and Turks. It left soon after for Djumää. Mr. Tsilka was then in Salonica, in the company of the American Board of Missionaries, rejoicing in direct news of the safety of Miss Stone and his wife and assurances of their speedy release. Mr. House conveyed the first message to Mr. Haskell, and Mr. Haskell transmitted the joyful tidings to this country. The bearers of good news are always welcome, and these are they who have been the agents of Providence in sending the glad tidings around the world.



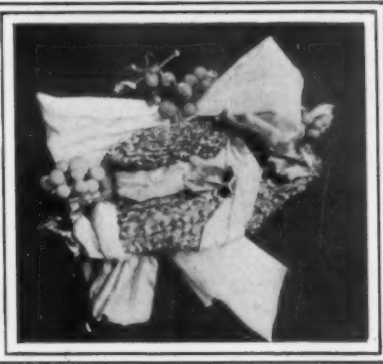
REV. E. B. HASKELL,  
Who sent out the news of  
Miss Stone's release.

western Turkey, the eastern Turkey, and the western Turkey missions. His office is in the Bible House, Constantinople. He is a thorough business man, having had a business experience in this country. He is often consulted by the United States minister to Turkey and the secretaries of the American legation. It is said that his judgment is usually accepted as final, even when it disagrees with that of the officials. Experience has shown that he is more often right on disputed points than any other American who can be consulted in Constantinople. He handled over \$1,200,000 of money in behalf of the Armenians a few years ago, and all of the English funds contributed for them. He was the guide and helper of Clara Barton in her relief work for the Armenians.

The brigands and the Bulgarians believed in his wisdom and reliability in the negotiations for the ransom of Miss Stone. The Rev. James L. Barton, D.D., Foreign Secretary of the American Board, says that Mr. Peet was delegated to pay the ransom not merely because he was treasurer, but because confidence in his tact and expectation of his success were so general at home



FRONT.



BACK.

## Spring Hat for a Young Miss

Can Be Made at Home

HAT OF rough eeu straw, 98 cents. Straight brim bent down a little in the back. The grapes used are three shades, light and dark heliotrope and a pale shade of green; three bunches \$1.35 per bunch, \$4.05. The leaves are a soft green, large and pliable, costing \$1.50. The ribbon used is light blue about five inches wide; three yards at 55 cents per yard, \$1.65. The grapes are massed on the front of hat as in illustration. The ribbon is laid around the crown from the back, and drawn up among the grapes into two loops of six inches; the two long ends are brought back over the brim, and at the back, where the hat bends over the hair, the remaining ends are tied in a soft bow under the brim. Flowers or berries of any description could be used in place of the grapes, greatly reducing the cost of the hat.

### Strange Story of a Watch.

AN NOVEL APPLICATION of the old saw "Set a thief to catch a thief" is recorded in the Temple Magazine by Mr. Charles Lowe, formerly a London Times correspondent. He was the sole representative of the English press at the coronation of Alexander III. Tired out with the long day, he fell asleep without undressing, to wake late, next day and find that his watch and pocket-book were gone from

his desk—hopelessly gone. The investigation which followed resulted in nothing until the very day of his departure. Then, says Mr. Lowe, "I was lying in bed reflecting on the situation, when a knock came to my door, and in there stepped, to my great surprise, a dashing young officer, who, from his aiguillettes I could perceive to be an aide-de-camp—of the Governor-General of Moscow, as it turned out. To my greater astonishment, he put his hand into the breast of his tunic, and drawing forth my missing watch and chain, said, "C'est a vous, monsieur?" (Is this yours, sir?)

"And then my handsome visitor proceeded to explain. A rumor of the theft had got into some of the Russian papers, and even attracted the personal notice of the Czar. The Governor of Moscow was at once communicated with and told that the stolen watch of the Times correspondent, who was the guest of his Majesty, must, at all costs, be found. Whereupon the Governor had summoned to his presence some of the most notorious thieves in all Moscow, and threatened them with Siberia unless they succeeded in discovering the whereabouts of the missing watch; for, being practiced robbers themselves, they must be familiar with the methods of their brethren and their methods of disposing of stolen goods."

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DEPT. S



## The Club Cocktails



Don't be prejudiced against bottled cocktails until you have tried the Club brand. No better ingredients can be bought than those used in their mixing. The older they grow the better they are, and will keep perfect in any climate after being opened. You certainly appreciate an old bottle of Punch, Burgundy, Claret, Whiskey, or Brandy, why should you not an old bottle of Cocktail? Have you considered it? Seven kinds. All grocers and druggists keep them.

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"Well, Aunt Eunice, I heah yo' has bin marryin' off one ob yo'r daughters."  
 "Lan', yes! She won a cake at de cake-walk de udder night; so she done killed two birds wid one stone an' used de same cake fo' her weddin'-cake."

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